

Vol. XIV.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904.



No. 9

MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE
PRICE 5 CENTS.

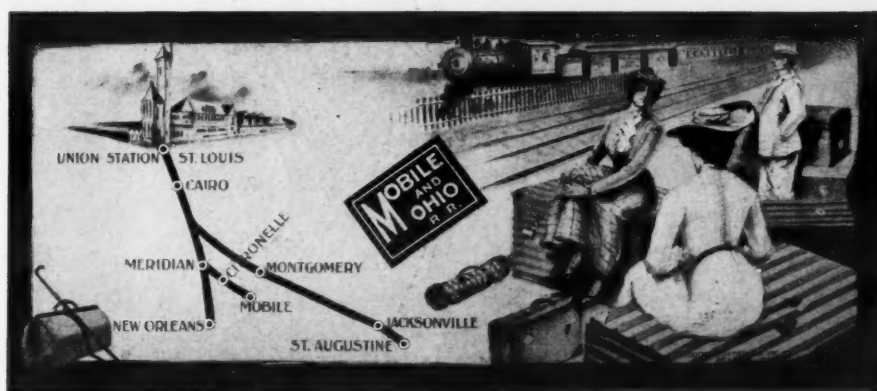


The
World's Fair
Route



DINING CARS

THROUGH
SLEEPERS



TICKET OFFICE: 518 OLIVE STREET.

THERE IS SOMETHING TO SEE

... ALONG THE .



This is the Scenic Route to

EUREKA SPRINGS ARK.,

. SITUATED ON .

The Summit of the Ozarks

Passenger Traffic Department, St. Louis.



CRESCENT HOTEL.

The highest point of excellence is reached in everything pertaining to a first-class, thoroughly modern, Resort Hotel, operated directly by the Frisco System.

The train service is unsurpassed. Through Pullman Sleepers, Reclining Chair Cars.

The Mirror

VOL. XIV—No. 6

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter. Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London Anglo-American Exchange
3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich Zeitungs-Pavillon am Karlplatz
Florence B. Seiber, 20 via Thornabuoni
Venice Zanco, Ascensione
Monte Carlo Veuve Sinet Klosque
Paris Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera
Donald Downie, 1 Rue Scribe
Rome L. Palle, 1 Piazza di Spagna
Naples E. Prass, 50 Piazza del Martiri
Valetti Giuseppe, R. R. Station.
Genoa Libreria Riunite
Bologna Mallucchi Alberto R. R. Station

The following European hotels keep a complete file of The Mirror in their reading rooms:

London Cecil Genoa De La Ville
Paris Grand Naples Grand
Munich Bayerischer Hof Rome Quirinal
Vienna Bristol Florence Grand
Innsbruck Tirol Venice Britannia
Monte Carlo Grand



WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



CONTENTS

MR. FOLK'S APPARENT CINCH: By William Marion Reedy	1-2
REFLECTIONS: Getting Ready—Sage's Assessment—New Frisco Officials—The Profit-Sharing Fiasco—Suppress the Masher—Wrangling Financiers—A Spendthrift Policy—Helping Hearst—A Burden Indeed—Gymnastic Fever Among Women—That Day Nursery Problem—The Business Depression—War in Missouri—A Dragging War—The New Style—Politics in England—Unwelcome Advertising—Pope and Ex-Priest—Modern Nullifiers—The Dynasts—At the Olympic	2-5
THE TYRANNY OF THE NEW BOOK: By Albert S. Henry	5
MORGAN'S RETIREMENT AND DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE: By Francis A. House	6
THE MAN WHO DIDN'T DIE: By Emily Rawlins Holman	6-8
BARNEY MCGEE: Poem. By Richard Hovey	8
ANGLO-SAXONS AND THE BIBLE	8-9
NEW BOOKS—Brief Reviews	10
SPORTING COMMENT: Browns-Cardinal Series—Chicago Will Have Racing—A Postal Order Ignored—St. Louis Racing Season	11
JAPAN'S SMART SET	12
SOCIETY	13-14
MUSIC: Choral Symphony Concert	14
DRAMATIC	15-16
CORSETS FOR THE WASP WAIST	17
WOMEN HIRE PRESS AGENTS	19
THE STOCK MARKET	20-21

Mr. Folk's Apparent Cinch

By William Marion Reedy

THERE are some symptoms of a rural stampede to the support of Mr. Folk for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Not that the counties declaring for him are numerous or of great strength in delegates, but because the counties so declaring are scattered in all sections of the State. The Folk fanaticism is not endemic, but epidemic.

The cause is not far to seek. In the first place Mr. Folk has the support of the metropolitan daily press, and that support consists in the constant elevation of the charge that nobody is against Folk, except the boodlers. In the second place, there has been no concerted effort against Mr. Folk. The State administration forces, who will be wiped off the face of the earth in the event of Mr. Folk's triumph, have not done anything to save themselves. Governor Dockery's blast at Folk hurt as much as it helped. He was not content to deny a statement about himself, but he went further and said things about Folk that were but a rechouffe of things that had been urged against Folk by his rivals in candidacy, Messrs. Hawes and Reed. A Governor of a State attacking a candidate of his own party when the Governor was not himself a candidate, lent strength to the cry of "machine." In the third place, the opposition to Folk made a mistake in not suppressing some of itself. The cause of Folk was helped by the opposition of Dick Speed in Vernon County and Frank Farris in Crawford County. Speed was a confessed briber, and Farris is under a heavy cloud of accusation and suspicion. In the fourth place, Col. Ed. Butler's activity in St. Louis has acted as a drag on the opposition to Folk. Of course Col. Butler couldn't be supposed to favor the candidacy of a man who indicted him twice, and tried him twice, but he might at least have refrained from openly trying to steal the St. Louis organization while Mr. Hawes, its leader, was running for Governor. In the fifth place, Mr. Folk, benefitted by the exaggeration of the reports of the means by which one precinct in St. Louis was carried against him. In the sixth place, a lot of crazy preachers put forth an inflammatory appeal based on misrepresentation, and stirred the country into passionate antagonism to the city elements in the party. In the seventh, but by no means the least place, Mr. Folk has had the advantage of possessing a splendid campaign manager in "Pants" Vandiver. Vandiver has done his work splendidly. He has attacked everything and everybody without regard to truth or even plausibility, and there being no organized effort at refutation or contradiction, his sensational exaggerations and flat lies have been of tremendous effect. The Folk campaign has resembled the Bryan campaign of 1896 in its irresponsible, hysterical, malevolent mendacity, and in its demagogic assumption of monopoly of all the virtues. This, taken in conjunction with the support that has been rendered him by every Republican newspaper and politician in the State, makes it appear nothing less than a miracle that the stampede to Folk has not been complete and overwhelming.

The fight upon Folk made by Hawes and Reed has been a strong one, but the real beneficiaries of the

fight, if anyone were to benefit by it, the members of the State machine,—have done nothing. They sat back and told Reed and Hawes to go ahead, while they waited for a chance to get into any old bandwagon that might happen along. The machine has 7,000 office-holders in the State. Everyone of them will be put out of business by Folk's success. They have all had "cold feet." They have had no more nerve than a jelly fish, no more spine than a caterpillar. They have not been worth fighting for. They don't deserve any championship such as has been rendered them by Hawes and Reed. It is no wonder that the railroad and trust lobbyists, "Bill" Phelps and John Carroll, have been found tied up with Folk, the reformer and boodle fighter. They knew the machine and how little energy it had.

All this is not to say that Mr. Folk has the nomination in his hand. He still lacks about fifty votes of as many as are controlled by his rivals, and those rivals are admittedly strong in the greater counties with the heavier delegations which have yet to hold conventions. In many of the counties where Mr. Folk has triumphed conditions favored him because those counties have heretofore been "trailers" after the big counties. They were counties to which, in the past, the organization paid little attention. They had never been "organized." Their importance was never apparent until now, when their slump in one direction is having a moral effect which had not been anticipated. The greater number of the counties Mr. Folk has carried are counties wherein the machine forces were not strong by reason of the machine's ignoring them as unimportant. The big counties of the State are yet to hear from, and in them the machine can put up a fight—if it will. Mr. Reed and Mr. Hawes ought to be able, with any kind of support at all, not only to keep, but increase their lead over Mr. Folk, and to hold their forces for a combination against him at the finish.

Much, if not everything, depends upon the machine. If it has its nerve, it may swing the big counties. But the machine looks wobbly. There isn't any doubt that it is demoralized. There isn't any doubt either that Butler's strength in St. Louis is an uncertain factor in the situation. It is not indisputably loyal to Hawes. Furthermore, there is a suspicion that will not down that Butler is not innocent of a tentative deal with the Republicans to turn over the State in consideration of that party's seating his son in Congress. Colonel Butler is not for Hawes in his heart. He is not devoted to the machine, for the machine did nothing for him in his multifarious troubles. Butler is the burden of Folk's cry in the State. The machine will not stand by Butler and Butler doesn't care for the State machine if, as seems likely, he has cut in under Hawes in St. Louis and captured the City Central Committee. Give Butler St. Louis and he doesn't care what happens in the State. The machine is so groggy that it is almost willing to make terms with Folk; but if Folk should dicker with the machine it would be suicide for him. He can't dicker, because he can't trust the machine.

And the machine can hardly trust him. He is committed to the policy of wiping out the established powers, root and branch, and he can't get away from it, for if he tries he will be thrown down in the convention. The machine, at this writing, is not dangerous. It very much fears that it confronts a Folk landslide. It observes that Folk goes abroad gathering in delegates in spite of all talk of a compromise candidate. It sees the danger of Butler undermining Hawes in St. Louis, and it understands the danger that Reed may be eviscerated in Kansas City and Jackson County. And all the time the machine is under fire from every quarter, from the press, the preachers, the party soreheads, the former Populists in the party. The people are not allowed to forget the Cardwell case, the discrediting of Secretary of State Cook, the various testimony that machine men have given against the machine. The weakness of the administration is shown in Governor Dockery's apologetic reply to the Grand Jury's strictures upon the police in politics, and in the seven counties that held primaries last Saturday the Folk opposition showed itself as inefficient as a lot of tyros in politics. The administration must pull itself together.

But will it do so? I confess to a suspicion that overtures have been made to Folk by certain machine leaders. This suspicion is abroad in the State. If some of the leaders are trying to make terms with Folk, who is going to expect the followers, the county officers and administration appointees, to put up fights in their own localities? With Senator Stone intimating that he will support the nominee, with Governor Dockery apologetic in his interviews, with a story current that Secretary of State Cook has tried to make truce with Folk, with Excise Commissioner Seibert's bailiwick, Southeast Missouri, captured by Folk, with Senator Stone's own home county and Judge Gantt's home county gone hell bent for Folk, one can hardly blame the administration men, in the counties yet to declare themselves, for holding back so as not to "get in bad," with Folk as a possible winner.

Folk can be beaten yet; but not by the administration's tactics. He can be beaten only by an open fight. A skulking fight won't do. The whole bunch of the administration must get out and do what Hawes is doing and what Reed is doing. If the administration doesn't come out of the background and quit putting forth Reed and Hawes as "the fall guys," Folk will sweep the State—as he should, if I see the game right. I don't believe that Hawes or Reed either should be pushed forward to make a fight just strong enough to enable the fellows behind them to be taken into the Folk camp. Hawes and Reed have put up a good fight, but they have had no support. The men who encouraged their ambitions have sent them out into the wilds to work, but all the time these men behind the orators have been plotting and scheming, ineffectively, as now appears, to cook up some scheme that will sidetrack Hawes and Reed through the springing of another candidate, or, failing that, through an understanding with Folk. They have done this so long that Folk has gained ground through their dalliance. They have played for their own hands and not for Hawes or Reed. They have not "delivered the goods" in quarters where they promised to do so. And in several instances this failure has not been because they didn't have the goods to deliver. The machine has been fought by Folk, but it hasn't fought back in spirited fashion. It has tried to fix things instead of fighting for its life, and it began its attempt at fixing too late in the game.

Mr. Folk has a great chance to win, simply because the machine has not the courage of its convictions. He has a chance to lose, too, especially if

there be any significance to be attached to such queer instances as the instruction of Folk delegates to vote for Cook for Secretary of State. How Folk and Cook could run on the same ticket, after Folk's exposure of Cook in the Dick Speed bribery of Senator Lyons to prevent a reduction of his Coal Oil Inspector's salary, passes ordinary comprehension. If the administration and Mr. Folk tie up together in this or any other way, Folk's support among the reformers will be alienated and the State may go Republican. A compromise will certainly put both Folk and the present organization out of business.

So much for the practical politics of the situation. The ethics of the situation are all twisted. On the score of real, practical, effective reform, Mr. Hawes has done more for his party and the people than Mr. Folk has done. If any comparison is to be made with Tilden's work against Tweed in New York, it is Hawes who should be compared with him, not Folk. It was Hawes who made Folk's work as Circuit Attorney possible. Hawes put good men in every office in the city of St. Louis. Folk has tried to put bad men in the penitentiary. Hawes downed the boodlers before Folk undertook their prosecution in St. Louis. Hawes led the city votes against boodler Lee in the convention that nominated Lee for Lieutenant Governor. Hawes put Butler on his back politically, before Folk jumped on the prostrate boss. It was Hawes who purified St. Louis. So far as concerns the State and the party, Folk's contention that the administration is corrupt is too sweeping to be true. There is no charge of venality or connivance at venality that holds good against Governor Dockery. It was Governor Dockery who first made war on boodle at Jefferson City and directed the Attorney General to proceed against boodlers. So far as the election laws and police interference at elections are concerned, it is only necessary to say that Mr. Folk never complained of either until it was to his own interest to do so, and that even then his supporters grossly libeled the city by declaring that the whole town was terrorized into voting against him, when there was trouble in only one precinct in one ward. Mr. Folk's whole campaign has been one of exaggeration and misrepresentation. He has identified the party with about a dozen boodlers. He has done this successfully because the big dailies have given the public his version of the situation almost exclusively. And then the administration, the representatives of the party, have not defended themselves. They have not

put a man on the stump in the State to speak in their defense. They have not contradicted Mr. Folk in any effective way. They have not even supported Hawes or Reed in the fight these two men have made for the party's reputation. They have tried to play safe with Folk and they have failed to do so. They piddled along in politics in the hope that they might take Folk up and into camp at the proper time, but the time never came; and now when Folk has secured about 93 votes in the convention, in which 356 are necessary to nominate, these wise guys are in a state of panic. This shows the machine's weakness. If it has any strength at all, it should not despair of preventing Folk's securing more than fifty votes in the eighty counties yet to hear from. The moral effect of Folk's victories thus far is not so great as many imagine. In the greater counties the members of the party are not so apt to be bamboozled by Vandiver's vituperation and Folk's fanfarronading as they are in the smaller counties. In the greater counties there is more organization which must fight Folk for its own salvation. There are more than eighty counties yet to speak on the gubernatorial nomination, and unless the machine lays down altogether it ought to be a mathematical certainty that Reed and Hawes should carry enough delegations therein to prevent Folk's nomination. But this cannot be done with the administration doing the "quitter" act in the fashion of Governor Dockery's response to the Grand Jury's fulminations against the police. Mr. Folk can be beaten only by a firm stand on the administration's part. He cannot be beaten by shilly-shallying compromises to save this or that member of the administration. He cannot be beaten by men who don't want Reed and don't want Hawes and don't know whether they can agree upon a "dark horse." He can't be beaten by joining him—the time for that is past.

Folk is very far from having the nomination cinched. The victories he has won are not important enough to give the other candidates heart failure. He can win the nomination only if the administration, which is on trial, under charges formulated by him, continues its policy of waiting to see whether it can't make terms with him. He can win only through the stupidity of the opposition entrenched in power, through its cowardice in failing to come out for Reed or Hawes. If he wins, every man jack of the present administration is "a dead one." If the machine forces, knowing this, do not fight for themselves, there is no reason why any one else should fight for them.

REFLECTIONS

Getting Ready.

THE opening day of the World's Fair is rapidly approaching. The remaining few weeks will witness extraordinary physical and mental exertion on the part of officials, commissioners and exhibitors. An immense amount of work is yet to be done. Late announcements in regard to the finished and unfinished buildings, the arrivals of exhibits and transportation difficulties make it clear that at least three months will elapse before the finishing touches have been put upon the great enterprise. Nobody will be surprised at this not exactly pleasant prospect. The officials certainly cannot be blamed for it. They did all that was expected of them, and perhaps a good deal more. Considering all the obstacles that had to be surmounted, the Fair must be considered in an astonishingly advanced state of preparation at this time. Many of the delays of the last six months were occasioned by

persons over which the Fair officials had little or no control. As the days pass by, it becomes evident to every intelligent, unprejudiced observer that the great Exposition, even if it should be in an unexpectedly complete condition on April 30, will yet prove a delight and a revelation to visitors and a source of pride and profit to St. Louisans.



Sage's Assessment.

RUSSELL SAGE has asked the New York tax assessors for a reduction in his assessment. He asserts that his personal property is not worth a million dollars. His present assessment of two million dollars is much too high, he declares. The assessors have set a date for hearing his explanations. The senescent multi-millionaire, who delights in, and thrives on, ten cent apple lunches, must have sold nearly all his holdings of securities latterly. A year ago, he was still

credited with the ownership of millions of dollars' worth of shares and bonds of various corporations. Among the knowing ones, he is still reputed to be worth about seventy-five million dollars. It is hard to believe that Sage lost anything of this beautiful, amplitudinous nest-egg during the "bear" raids of the last two years. If he sold much, he must have added equally much to his cash. He certainly did not give his securities away just for the sweet joy of giving. If he were to do such an unheard-of thing, his lifelong friends would at once apply for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*. Wonder how the thrifty old man will wriggle out of his tax dilemma?



New Frisco Officials.

SOME sweeping changes have been and will be made in the personnel of the Frisco management. They were, it seems, made inevitable by the absorption of this company by the Rock Island. The new president, Mr. A. J. Davidson, is a railroad man of approved merit and years of valuable practical experience. His rise has been rapid and has given striking evidence of his versatile capabilities, the excellence of his work in minor positions and the virile progressiveness of his mind. He is a worthy and promising successor of Mr. B. F. Yoakum, who retires from the presidency to be chairman of the board. Under Mr. Yoakum's constructive, wide-awake management, the Frisco has grown into one of the few great railroad systems of the country. It has risen from bankruptcy to prosperity. Since 1897, the company has made large additions and extensions. It has vastly improved its service. Its physical condition is now such as to warrant the highest encomium for the former management. Equally notable results have been reached financially. The company is prosperous to a degree. Eight years ago it was in the hands of receivers; to-day it is paying dividends to shareholders, and has a handsome surplus in its treasury. Like the great Missouri Pacific system, the Frisco merits the good wishes and admiration of St. Louisans. It is a distinctively St. Louis enterprise. It has been a strong factor in extending the financial and commercial sphere of the city. The company begrudges no expenditures rendered necessary in the establishment of the best and speediest service. The people of St. Louis and the Southwest in general have been benefited in a number of ways through the ceaseless efforts of the Frisco management. The new officials will doubtless more than "make good" by continuing Mr. Yoakum's policy, which was to develop the Frisco into a railroad system whose standard of efficiency and earning power should be second to none in America. The changes in the Frisco's official roster synchronize with similar changes in the Rock Island management. The latter company has of late years been striking out boldly and successfully in various directions. It has more than doubled its mileage. It has secured its own entrance to, and terminus in, St. Louis. Up to a few months ago, its management was considered to be of recklessly speculative disposition. A radical change seems to have intervened since then, however. More conservative counsel now prevails in the affairs and policies of the vast, complex system. Eventually, the Rock Island will have its own terminal on the Atlantic and Pacific. The well-directed ambitions of its management should, and do, mean much for St. Louis. In the Rock Island, the Missouri Pacific and Wabash, the Burlington, the Frisco, the Chicago & Alton and the Big Four, St. Louis is assured of constantly accelerating growth. Through these systems it is connected with the Atlantic and Pacific, the Northern Lakes and Canada and the Gulf of Mexico and South America. The St. Louis railroad situation is such as to justify the brightest hopes for the future. In the course of time, the

extensive, pushing Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system may also be expected to apply for admission into the local railroad fold. The officials of that company have been looking longingly us-ward for some time. They will ultimately realize their ambitions through the acquisition of a smaller line, or, maybe, through the building of their own tracks to this point from Kansas City. St. Louis is going to be the railroad center of the country, and that's no joke. The activity of its business men demands it, and the geographical position of the city warrants it, and the railroad companies know it.



The Profit-Sharing Fiasco.

ONE does not hear much nowadays of profit-sharing plans. It would seem that the miscarrying of the plan originated by the United States Steel Corporation has perceptibly cooled the ardor and diminished the confidence of its advocates. The extensive depreciation in the preferred shares of that concern has made a bad impression, and also, perhaps, some bad blood, among workingmen who had been duped into purchasing them. A good deal of the stock, which now sells at less than 60, and not so long ago sold at almost 49, was sold to employees at a good deal higher level. It is known that much of this stock has found its way back again into the open market. The plan must be regarded as a clean-cut failure. The intentions which fathered or encouraged its inception were undoubtedly laudable, but based on theories which do not work well in practice. It would be very nice, indeed, to secure the workingmen's approval of prevailing industrial conditions by admitting them into what is euphemistically known as partnership with millionaires. But the thing won't work unless the employee owning shares is allowed to voice his ideas and demands in the counsels of the corporation. Would the directors of the United States Steel Corporation grant him this right? It is not very likely, considering the peculiar activities and records of some of the officials and directors. There can be no real and satisfactory partnership of this kind until corporations are honestly capitalized and justly managed. Partnership means equality. As long as the workingman holding a small amount of stock is not treated as the equal, proportionally, of the man owning a majority thereof, he will not enthuse over his partnership with "captains of industry."



Suppress the Masher.

ISN'T it about time the authorities were suppressing the mashers who literally infest the downtown thoroughfares, especially in the vicinity of the large dry goods emporiums? A woman cannot go shopping these days and escape the advances of these apparently vagrant fashion-plates. The freedom these namby-pamby men have been enjoying for some time has emboldened them, and their number has increased alarmingly. Complaints are numerous at the big stores, especially from ladies visiting the city, and many women who are compelled to be down town daily, find it necessary to take circuitous and inconvenient routes to their destinations, in order to avoid the dressed-up loafers. Every big city has the mashing evil in more or less troublesome form, but St. Louis seems worst of all. On Broadway, Olive, Sixth street and Washington avenue may be seen every pleasant day knots of the genus masher, holding points of vantage at the crossings, curbs, corners and show windows where women generally must pass. Not all these men are idlers. Some of them are quite well known in the community, and this fact often protects them. The police should keep the corners and sidewalks in front of stores clear, now that the city is full of visitors, among them many women. St. Louis

must handle the masher as New York has handled him—by arrest and prosecution in all instances. The store proprietors in the retail district should co-operate with the police. In this way our women will be protected from insult on the streets.



Wrangling Financiers.

THE parties to the railroad controversy in the Northwest have entered a *cul de sac*. Finding themselves unable to come to satisfactory terms, and "Jim" Hill evidently trying to get the best of the Union Pacific coterie, Harriman has filed suit to compel return to him of his original holdings in Northern Pacific shares. Developments are being anxiously watched in Wall street. So far, security values, as a whole, have been but slightly affected. Among well-informed people the opinion still seems to prevail that the legal proceedings will cause no disastrous effects. There's no Northern Pacific stock in the market to be bought up or fought for. That the Hill clique will try to obtain control of the Union Pacific is merely a remote possibility. Besides, it is more than doubtful that such control could be acquired at this time. The Harriman-Gould-Rockefeller crowd of financiers has a tight grip on the Union-Southern Pacific properties. Of course, when all is said, it cannot be denied that the situation is a delicate one. Wall street cannot be blamed for keeping both eyes on the Northwestern situation. In controversies of this nature, startling transformations are likely to take place when least expected. All that the outside layman can say, at present, is this: That financial and speculative conditions do not favor a desperate struggle and panic as a result of the locking of horns among a group of contending railroad magnates.



A Spendthrift Policy.

THE United States Treasury is no longer in flush condition. The free surplus on hand is small, much too small, in truth, when compared with the incessantly increasing expenditures. Times was when billion dollar Congresses were looked upon with consternation. To-day, we are calm in reading of appropriations the aggregate of which steadily mounts towards the two billion notch. Our annual budgets are worth pondering. They strikingly reflect the way we are going. They foreshadow increasing taxation. Our National expenditures are rapidly growing too large for our National income. How can additional income be raised? In a direct or indirect way? By raising the Dingley protective schedules? Or by the imposition of income or other internal taxation? The Chairman of Appropriations in Washington, is in bad humor. He is worried and urging his colleagues to be less generous in giving away National funds. He will not be heeded, however. Votes have to be made. Congressmen want to be on the good side of their constituents, even if the Federal Government has to go "broke" in the meantime. It's the old cry of *panem et circenses*. We, as a nation, are going the way of the spendthrift. In the not far distant future, we will be forced to an unpleasant recognition of the results of folllful improvidence. We will yet be constrained to invent new ways of paying new, not old, debts. An imperial policy means imperial expenditures and imperial taxes, and don't you forget it.



Helping Hearst.

THE United States Supreme Court has handed down another important decision. It upholds the contention of the Hearst lawyers in the suit against the anthracite coal combine that all contracts providing for a division of freight among members of the combine should be produced as evidence at the hearing. Incidentally, the Supreme Court defines and enlarges

The Mirror

the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which instituted the inquiry, a year ago, upon Hearst's motion and complaint. The decision is a fine windfall for the millionaire saffron journalist. It just comes at the right time to infuse additional strength into his presidential boom. He may be relied upon to work his preliminary success in corporation-baiting for all it's worth.



A Burden Indeed.

NEWS of native rebellions reaches us from Asia and Africa. Everywhere the European colonizing power is forced to make use of machine guns to pump a little civilization, religion and respect for superior power into the millions of raging heathens. The English, Americans, Dutch, French and Germans, they all have troubles on their hands in some quarter or other. The white man's burden may be a duty, but there is mighty little profit or pleasure in it. Streams of blood will yet have to be shed before the burden shall be changed into a reign of peace and content.



Gymnastic Fever Among Women.

THE zest with which woman is plunging indiscriminately in all branches of field and outdoor sports seems to justify the charge many of her critics have made that she is losing her womanly instincts. As a rule men like to read of woman's triumphs in golf, lawn-tennis, basket-ball, archery and such like pastimes. Those are games women may play, but when we read of her shooting down the innocent fawn in its native forest and plunging the hunting knife to the hilt into its yielding throat, while its appealing eyes are turned to her for mercy, all admiration for the strenuous life for woman ceases, and amazement gives way to speculation as to what she will next attempt. There is no telling. Even now she is in the midst of an athletic craze. The Sunday magazines of daily papers are leading her on from one novelty to another. The rolling-pin and potato masher and flat-iron are each rapidly becoming as much an emblem of gymnastics as of the culinary art. It's wonderful, truly wonderful, how the women, God bless 'em, are progressing in the strife with horrid man.



That Day-Nursery Problem.

THERE seems to be a lot of unjust criticism directed at the Board of Lady Managers because they vetoed the idea of building and conducting a day-nursery on the World's Fair grounds. There seems to be many good reasons for their action. In the first place, the smart set that will visit the Fair will have no use for the nursery, because, as a rule, they are not overburdened with children, and those of them who are so blessed are well able to have their children cared for at home. As to the working class, they have always managed heretofore to have their youngsters cared for at some neighbor's when away from home, and perhaps would not take kindly to the nursery were it established. Moreover, the Day Nursery idea, from a hygienic or sanitary point of view, is open to criticism. Children are more or less subject to epidemic diseases, and to gather them in such an institution might lead to the spread of contagion. Furthermore, some of the less enthusiastic lady managers have regarded the nursery as a temptation to many unfortunate mothers who would be only too ready to abandon their offspring, especially when there is hope that the child will fall into the hands of some wealthy and prominent family.



The Business Depression.

THE London *Statist* speaks hopefully of financial and commercial conditions in this country. It believes that the depression will "resemble that of the 80's—it will be comparatively small, and will not last

long." Let us hope that Mr. Lloyd is right in his prognosis. For many of us the depression has already overstayed itself. It has hurt everybody in some way or other, either directly or indirectly. Business depressions may be necessary and wholesome in their effect, and all that sort of thing, but they do not make for content, ambition and enterprise. It is interesting to read about them, but rather painful to experience them. The prosperity "jag" was certainly very foolish and violent in some of its outcroppings, yet it was pleasant and profitable withal. We all made money while it lasted and enjoyed "blowing ourselves." And, to the ordinary street-corner philosopher, to "blow oneself" means to be happy—for a time, at least.



War in Missouri.

THE Russo-Japanese war is getting to be somewhat of a bore. The hostilities are tame in comparison with those in progress in the Democratic party in old Missouri. The exchange of shots between Dockerycosky, and Vandiverokuro, and Folkovitch and Hawesyama, and Walshitsky and Reedokura is deafening and slaughterous.



A Dragging War.

WAR news is growing tediously one-sided. Everything we read favors the Japanese. The news is evidently doctored, and doctored thoroughly. The Japanese, with truly Oriental imagination, are exaggerating the most trifling victories. And the English are doing their best to spread Japanese fake reports. The Russians are pursuing a Fabian policy. They are biding their time and opportunity. General Kuropatkin is not expected to strike hard until about June. Being an experienced fighter, and a firm believer in the theories of the great Skobeloff, under whom he fought and distinguished himself in the Russo-Turkish war of twenty-six years ago, he is determined, apparently, to make the most elaborate systematic preparations before tackling the Japanese armies in force. Kuropatkin knows full well that Russia can afford to wait, that, in fact, every delay means an eventual Russian victory. We must not forget that Russia has a "far-flung battle line." If it has millions of men in reserve, it has also thousands of miles of frontiers to protect. Taking everything into due, just consideration, it may be said that the two nations now at war are fairly matched. There is no palpable superiority on either side, it would seem from this distance. In European military circles the opinion seems to predominate that the conflict will last well into 1905. If this should prove true, the ultimate victor may be depended upon to exact onerous and humiliating terms from the vanquished. *Val victis!* Russia is a stubborn, relentless fighter. History has demonstrated this abundantly. The Slavs may be femininely soft of nature, yet they have their staying qualities. The great Corsican was, in his time, taught a lesson, at Borodino, and afterwards, which the Japanese should carefully reflect upon at the present perilous juncture in their history. Russia will strain every nerve, muscle and brain cell, will make requisition, if conditions require, upon every drop of blood available, to maintain its position and prestige in Asia. She practically cannot afford to lose. But let us, for argument's sake, suppose Japan to emerge victoriously from the struggle. What would be the results? An increased coherence of the millions of Mongolians, Persians, Hindoos and Arabians; an imperiling of European hegemony; a dangerous disturbance of international political power. A triumphant Japan would mean an arrogant, boldly, graspingly ambitious Japan. A Japan, flushed and drunk with victory over a first-class European power, would be difficult to deal with, difficult to restrain from constantly endangering the world's peace. A rise of the

colonizing or imperialistic Pan-Japanese spirit would gravely endanger our own tenure in the Philippine Archipelago. It behooves us to bear such contingencies in mind when glancing over leaded, bold headlines in the papers announcing pseudo-Japanese victories over a few hundred reconnoitering Cossacks.



The New Style.

FULL skirts and amplitudinous waists are now in vogue in the world of feminine fashions. The stylish woman aspires to a matronly appearance in this World's Fair period. The clinging, revealing spirit is disappearing. Hypocritical man solemnly asseverates that he is glad of this, while his mind fondly and insistently evokes the fair form of one whose physical contours were clearly, enticingly revealed, by the now tabooed skirt, one gusty, sunny, autumnal afternoon, down there around the corner of Sixth and Olive.



Pope and Ex-Priest.

POPE PIUS X. has latterly taken occasion to bitterly criticize the French Government for its bigoted anti-clerical policy. His censorious words have given offense at the Quai d'Orsay. The French Ambassador at the Vatican has been instructed to protest against the Pope's allocution. This, of course, means continued hostility in France against the Church of Rome. M. Combes is doubtless determined to precipitate such a complete rupture as will warrant him in urging legislation sanctioning the abolition of the concordat established a century ago by Napoleon Bonaparte. According to recent telegrams, the Pope is indifferent to such a probability. In fact, he is quoted as stating that the position of his Church in France would be much strengthened by a severing of all connections between the State and Church. Unquestionably he is right in this theory. The French *Kulturkampf* promises to bring about some epoch-making social and political changes in Gaul.



Modern Nullifiers.

THE disfranchisement of negroes continues merrily. Senator Gorman is zealously active in bringing about the extirpation of every negro vote in Maryland. This disfranchisement question is developing into one of insistent, clamorous importance. It is pressing for definite solution. It constitutes a political phenomenon that will yet plague and fret us. The principles upon which the Civil War was fought are involved. Some of the amendments to the Constitution are being defied and nullified by several States. Yet no voice is heard in Congress protesting against these nullification proceedings. Utter apathy prevails everywhere. It is a curious situation, one that is of thought-compelling interest. If things political and legal keep on drifting the way they are now doing, our Federal Constitution will eventually not be worth the paper it is written on.



At the Olympic.

THE Roger Brothers production at the Olympic this week is drawing veritable mobs. It is worth seeing for its grotesque preposterousness and astounding vacuousness. Inanity is at its worst in this theatrical *chef d'œuvre*. Of logical coherence there is absolutely none. Most of the jokes are of venerable age. The telescoping dialogues are monotonously insipid. Yet, in spite of all this, the show goes, and is considered a success. The Roger Boothers are prospering and the public is laughing. *De gustibus non est disputandum*. There is no standard of theatrical art, at least not at this time, when imbecility seems to be firmly enthroned.



Politics in England.

MR. BALFOUR, the British Premier, is vexed and puzzled. His government is face to face with another

The Mirror

substantial deficit, and this at a time when his parliamentary majority is fast diminishing and his political reputation not quite what it was under the regime of his uncle, the late Lord Salisbury. Mr. Balfour will soon be forced to recommend a higher rate of taxation upon incomes. Perhaps he will also consider it advisable or imperative to raise the duty on sugar and tobacco. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain should feel elated at the way things are going. A government in financial difficulties will go far towards gaining him new adherents among British voters. The Birmingham politician is playing a shrewd game. He has little love for the Premier, and will not scruple to enter into political intrigues

to achieve the goal of his ambition—the Premiership. Mr. Chamberlain is an interesting type of man in politics. There's something magnetically versatile, daringly unconventional about him. He is an obstinate fighter, an adroit opportunist. Consistency is anything but a virtue to him. He is consistently inconsistent. He seems to delight in contradicting himself and his actions, in belying his own record and previous professions. To-day, he is an avowed protectionist; twenty years ago, he was an enthusiastic advocate of free trade. In him, Mr. Balfour has his most dangerous, most treacherous and most aggressive opponent.

Will come to death's door of a mental dyspepsy."

What percentage of the cases of mental dyspepsia are due to the excessive reading of new books would be an interesting problem for a psychologist to investigate.

It is not, of course, maintained that every new book is worthless; it is the habit of reading nothing that is not new, and thus permitting every fourth and fifth-rate volume fresh from the press to usurp the lawful place of the lords of culture, and to exercise a kind of tyranny over the mind—it is this habit which calls forth an earnest protest. The old critics of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* have often been sneered at and their blunders held up in laughter; but, after all, they must have served a useful purpose. Every author wrote with the menacing rods of Jeffrey and Gifford before his eyes. No one would have ventured in slovenly apparel before that dreaded literary tribunal. But we live in different times, and, especially in America, there is no review that commands the obedience of writers, or has the authority to set the standard of literary taste. A searching criticism, here and there, cannot destroy a book, and is almost powerless in face of skillful advertisements and the indiscriminate praise which nearly every book obtains, if not from one quarter, then from another equally as good and accepted as such by the public.

As an instance of the commercial value of puffing and the credulity of readers, it may be remembered that two years ago a certain historical novel was published with a great blare of trumpets. It was announced several months before the day of publication, and the language of those prefatory notices was such that any one might have justly expected a book which would rival the best work of Thackeray and Hawthorne in their highest moods. After long waiting, the fateful day came at last, and the marvel was unveiled. But, alas! for human hopes and simple faith! Without exception, this particular piece of bepraised fiction was the worst book issued from the American press in ten years. Sans plot, sans style, sans sense, sans everything that goes to make a story interesting and enjoyable—all this was to be seen by the most cursory reader. And yet this novel sold largely for a while and then sank into an oblivion from which it will never emerge. This is but one example, among scores, of the power that a new book wields over the public mind in the absence of any high critical authority in the form of a periodical competent to judge of literary work, and absolutely fearless in exposing shallow frauds.

As a rule, books of very high merit are comparatively slow in forcing their way to their rightful places. We need not worry about them, however, for in the struggle for existence, in literature at least, the fittest which survive are also the best. It is not so much that we should avoid reading new books, as that we should not neglect the old tried ones—which are always with us, filled with immortal beauty. Ruskin pertinently asks: "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stableboy when you may talk with kings or queens; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for entree here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days—the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?" Let us then, hear more about great books and less about ones which have merely newness to recommend them. Let us be drenched and saturated with noble thought, rather than with novel speculations. Finally, let us aspire to be like Plato's true philosophers, "lovers of the vision of truth."

The Tyranny of the New Book

By Albert S. Henry.

SOME time ago an enterprising editor sent a letter of inquiry to a number of eminent literary personages, asking them to name the book which, in their respective judgments, they considered the best of the new publications of the preceding year. One letter was addressed to Mr. Herbert Spencer and in reply the great philosopher stated that he had read no new books during the period specified. The answer was in perfect accord with the character of the great thinker, but how many ordinary mortals would have had the courage, or could have made with strict adherence to the truth, a like reply? One fears the number would have been remarkably small. For it is no exaggeration to say that the new book dominates the world of readers, and in return the reading world bows before the new book. Beautiful editions of the classics appear from time to time, but for the most part they remain undisturbed in the seclusion of a book-case; perhaps to be taken down once in a while to help pass an idle hour, or to verify a reference. Many lovers of literature will dispute this statement, but it is nevertheless a plain truth which observation will confirm. The great works of literature are revered; it is the new book that is read.

The desire for change and novelty is a deeply rooted human trait. No one is disposed to quarrel with it as such. Curiosity is an indispensable element in the progress of the race, and the significant part it has played is known to every student of the history of civilization. But, like other useful things, it can work injury when wrongly directed. The Greeks were curious, but they were curious of great things. Professor Curtius tells us that at the end of the sixth century B. C., the Athenians were characterized by "a lively receptivity of mind for everything beautiful and useful, a delight in suggestive intercourse, a many-sidedness of life and culture, a flexibility and presence of mind under the most various circumstances." How different this spirit is from the modern worry and fret, and feverish desire for change! Our curiosity is plainly not directed to great things when every well-advertised book or article is eagerly hailed as a new and superior outpouring of human genius. And this love of fads and latest fashions in literature is not to be charged entirely to lack of discrimination, but arises from several causes which it will be interesting to examine.

Clever advertising and liberal puffing in reviews help the new book wonderfully—for a time, at least. We are met on every side by staring signs containing the latest announcements of new books; the newspapers take up the cry and our ears ring with the praises of Miss So-and-So's new novel, and Mr.

What's-his-Name's last poem. The pretty books look bright against a worn and stained "Old Mortality," or, perchance, a frayed pocket-copy of "King Lear," but—

*"That book to many eyes doth share the glory,
Which in gold clasps locks in the golden story."*

Moreover, the simple assertion that any new book is a work of great importance and should be read by every one is repeated again and again; printed on the back of a magazine; placarded in railway stations; endorsed by a prominent politician or the head of a pork-packing establishment; is taken as sufficient reason by many readers for instantly perusing it. It is tacitly assumed that every new book displaces in interest all preceding works in its special line. Not to have read the last effort of the latest author is in some circles considered the mark of fogyness—one is secretly pitted for being so out of touch with the world.

The rule of the new book is felt even by the cloistered reader. Every subject, from folk-lore to fiction, comes within its domain. Hard words have been spoken—and justly spoken—against the current fiction, but there are as many new fads in philosophy, in science, in history, springing up around us, and thrusting themselves into our chosen studies. One becomes timid in forming an opinion upon a question of great moment lest a certain learned professor's new book, announced for publication next month, should prove one's view to be utterly absurd and untenable. We may be deep in old Montaigne, and glancing up see on the shelf that new volume which conclusively demonstrates that Bacon wrote the Shakespearian plays, and which we must read in order to join in the discussion at the club. The spell is broken, the charming old Frenchman disappears, and we hurry through pages of bad English and worse logic until the end is reached in weariness and disgust.

There is so much that we should read, and so little time is given us to devote to reading, that it becomes a matter of prudence to be selective. Sound advice has been given as to the manner in which we should deal with new books. Emerson's well-known maxim, that a book should not be read until it is a year old, is serviceable for most purposes, though it would not always be advisable to strictly follow it. Thoreau wisely said that "books must be read as deliberately and reservedly as they were written." This last counsel evidently looks to the reading which maketh a full man. And Lowell, with humor and good sense, hit the mark when he said:

*"For reading new books is like eating new bread;
One may stand it at first, but by gradual steps he*

Morgan's Retirement and Departure for Europe

By Francis A. House

THE mighty, massive J. Pierpont Morgan has made his departure for Europe, where, it is stated, he intends spending the remainder of his earthly days in quiet and seclusion. The oncoming of old age and the ill effects of a too laborious and stressful life are the ostensibly assigned reasons for his disappearance from the dramatic stage of Wall street financiering.

J. P. Morgan was a skillful and astute, but not a great financier. For many years he played a determinative, potent role in the financial and speculative affairs of this country. His connection with prominent European banking houses made it possible for him to achieve some striking results. It was for his irrepressible energy and remarkable cleverness in reorganizing bankrupt railroad companies in the last decade that he gained such eminent standing and reputation in the international world of finance. The Northern Pacific, the Reading, the Erie, the Southern and the Norfolk & Western are the most noteworthy instances of railroad systems drawn out of protracted receiverships by the powerful hand and means of the former leader of New York's *haute finance*. Some of these reorganized companies, particularly the Northern Pacific and the Erie, had to submit to a merciless slashing of bonded indebtedness, made absolutely necessary by decreasing net earnings and excessive fixed charges.

Of course, all this work of reorganization was undertaken for substantial commissions. It is commonly believed that the greater portion of Morgan's wealth was acquired during that dark and dreary period of railroad bankruptcies. It is likewise known that some minority interests were not treated in anything like a just or decent fashion. As a rule, the Morgan reorganization committees were inclined to take undue advantage wherever they could under cover of legal sanction. However, no real scandals ever grew out of this period of Morgan's incessant activity in a field where but few others dared to enter into competition with him.

It was only after the formation of the United States Steel, the Northern Securities, the International Mercantile Marine and the American Shipbuilding concerns that Morgan's star began to descend, that his reputation lost much of its erstwhile dazzling luster. In each of these four signal instances, the grievous mistake was made of capitalizing hopes of the most chimerical kind and to an utterly unwarranted extent. In the instance of the Northern Securities Company, the additional blunder was made of disregarding and even defying the laws of several States, as well as of the Nation, and all on account of an unseemly anxiety to placate fiercely fighting Wall street factions.

When Morgan countenanced and furthered the organization of the United States Steel, the American Shipbuilding and the International Mercantile Marine Companies, he was unquestionably in an advanced stage of acute magalomania. His vaulting ambition began to overleap itself, to play pranks of a dangerously foolish sort. In the retrospect, how ludicrously fantastic, how thoroughly imbecile, appear the performances of that giddy time of madcap, boisterous

speculation! That they should have ended as they did, that they should have soiled and seared many a whilom fine fame and entailed enormous losses for thousands of unfortunates throughout the country, will induce no wonderment among clearly reasoning people. The revelations in connection with the bankrupt American Shipbuilding Company cast serious aspersion upon Morgan's financial prudence and reputation, though nothing of a truly criminal character could be proved against him. It would seem that he sinned through moral obtundity, rather than intent, though it must be admitted that his secret agreement with Charles M. Schwab and others made him appear in a perplexingly dubious light.

Morgan's International Mercantile Marine Company accelerated the impairment of his financial prestige. That grotesque Trust, which is so flagrantly overcapitalized and but poorly equipped to compete with the great German steamship companies, found itself in its natural element; that is, in a sea of troubles, from the very beginning of its luckless career. Its securities could not be sold; the investment market refused to absorb them, owing to its glutted condition. Rival lines found it easy to make heavy inroads upon the earnings of the combine. Fast and faster fell the quotations of the shares and bonds, involving severe losses for every one concerned in the incorporation of the company. The complete, startling failure of this last pet project of the New York banker exerted a most depressing influence upon

security markets and intensified the impression that the speculative clock had struck twelve.

That he should have erred so egregiously in his last great undertakings panged and fretted Morgan above everything else in the last few months. His humiliation embittered him; he saw the finger of scorn and contempt pointing at him from every direction. Numberless threatening letters from the dupes which once had followed him whithersoever he led reached his office every day and further stimulated his rancor and sense of mortification. At last he began to realize that the time had come for him to leave the stage upon which he had been the leading actor for a long time. And so he decided to leave for England. Now that he is gone, we can afford to be charitable in our judgment of his career, his failures and his follies, for follies of the truest sort his last undertakings undoubtedly must be considered. We may console ourselves with the thought that if he wrought evil, he likewise wrought considerable good.

That J. P. Morgan is a man of many parts cannot be said. His mind is not versatile, neither does it possess a comprehensive grasp of the world-wide laws of political economy in its various branches. Perhaps if Morgan had been more broad-minded, more attentive to changing conditions, more regardful of the lessons of the past, and less forward and impulsive in his greater projects, he might have gained the reputation of having been America's most successful financier and inaugurator of a new industrial epoch. As it is, he has only himself to blame if the economic historian of the future shall know of him only as a bold speculator and promoter. To be truly great and successful in finance calls for more than mere energy, boldness and power. Imagine a London Rothschild standing sponsor for the United States Steel Corporation or the American Shipbuilding Company! Morgan played a great part with a little mind. What wonder, therefore, if disaster and disappointment crowned his work!

The Man Who Didn't Die

By Emily Rawlins Holman

"THEN, doctor, there is no hope of my recovery? You are sure, quite sure, that I cannot live. at the most, a week longer?"

Dr. Bowen looked seriously at his patient and hesitated a moment before replying. Horace Blakely did not impress him as the type of man who feared death; yet he had asked that self-same question a dozen times during the past few weeks. He asked it with the manner of a man who wished to be absolutely certain of the outcome. It seemed as though only a positive assertion one way or the other, could give him peace.

"My dear Blakely, I am afraid that human aid can do nothing more for you. The end will surely come within a week, but it will be painless." The physician spoke slowly, kindly.

After the doctor had gone, Blakely lay there very quietly in the hushed stillness of the sick-room. His eyes absently followed the figures of his wife and nurse as they moved noiselessly to and fro, and then, he looked around the spacious apartment, furnished with quiet elegance and rare taste. It was all his. He had dreamed of and then worked for this beautiful home, and now that he actually possessed it, he valued it accordingly. So he really was to die in his early manhood and leave everything that made life so

pleasant. During the six weary months of his illness, Blakely had thought it all over and over again. All the time one idea kept recurring to him with monotonous persistency—his wife, what would become of her after his death? He had reasoned everything out with the cold, logical, impersonal acuteness that brought him his early and quick success in the financial world, and all his reasonings led to one conclusion, namely, that, eventually, she would marry again.

At first he had thought of this sanely and looked upon it as only a natural consequence, but he had allowed his thoughts to run so often in this channel that now he could think of little else, and with the morbidness of the sick he pictured all the details of her widowhood and final marriage to another. He pictured everything with such painful, startling vividness that finally the very thought became almost more than he could bear, although, try as he would, he could not think of anything else now. It had become to him an established fact that she would marry again, and the more he thought of it, the more odious it became to him. At last it had become the one idea of his life to prevent such a possibility. For the thought of another's possessing that pretty, loving little creature whom he had called his wife was maddening.

He watched her now as she moved softly about the room. She looked so girlish and fragile and sweet in the dainty white morning robe made of some soft, clinging material. She was dressed as Blakely liked to see her, all in white. Tall and slender, with her bright golden hair and creamy, almost colorless skin, she always reminded him of a fair white lily. As he glanced at her, their eyes met with the old look of understanding, and she came and knelt beside his bed.

"Dearest," she put her arm around his neck and looked lovingly into his eyes. "My own love," she murmured tenderly and kissed him lingeringly, slowly, as though afraid she might lose one little bit of the sweetness of their kisses. Then her head fell on his breast with the tired, confiding movement of a little child. "You will get well, dear. You can't die and leave your sweetheart," she whispered sobbingly.

A tender, wistful light came into the dimmed eyes of the sick man as he looked at the golden head on his breast. "My darling, my darling," he murmured, in a hoarse, broken whisper, as he gently stroked her hair.

Then his eyes closed wearily, his hands dropped heavily to his sides and she, thinking he slept, tiptoed to her accustomed seat by the window; but he was not sleeping.

His mind was busy with that ever-recurring, torturing thought that some day, when he was gone, she would be the wife of another. Even her caresses could not divert his mind for more than a brief space. If only he could think of something else—but he could not. It was a sort of hell to lie there powerless and go on thinking this way. Over and over again the same jumbled, tiresome thoughts kept repeating themselves in his wearied brain. It was cruel that he must die and leave her. How much better if they could only go together.

What a beautiful widow she would make! The man lying there on his death-bed, with closed eyes, pictured his wife as she would look in her widow's weeds. Black was becoming to her with her light hair and white skin, and he almost imagined he could see her looking so childishly pretty and appealing in her mourning with her great blue eyes gazing sorrowfully out upon the world. She would be certain to have everything that went with widowhood, from the black-monogrammed note-paper to the long crepe veil. He even vaguely wondered if she would purchase a jet rosary. He knew there was no fad or novelty of mourning that she would be without, and he winced as he thought of the hours she would doubtless spend with her modiste, selecting the newest and most effective conceits in crepe. He foresaw that she would derive pleasure from the arrangement of all these details; that she would take a melancholy delight in viewing herself in a long mirror, becomingly gowned in the most fashionable mourning; and that the pain of her bereavement would be softened by the knowledge that black was so well suited to her style of beauty.

She loved him truly and sincerely; he was convinced of that; nevertheless he had studied her character and he was aware that she possessed strong but not deep feelings. He knew she would mourn for him sincerely and really miss him, but still he could not help foreseeing that she would experience a childish pleasure in the newness and novelty of it all. She delighted in a new experience with the vim of a child. That had been one her chief attractions for him—her great capacity for enjoyment. Every new phase possessed for her a charming novelty. A new dress or a handsome trinket would throw her into ecstasies of delight. She never lost her enthusiasm or became weary or blasé or indifferent. She was

always ready and waiting for pleasures, old and new, and it had been Blakely's delight never to dull, but rather to nurture and stimulate this keen enjoyment of life which she possessed. He knew that she would marry again. This very joy in living would prevent her from spending the remainder of her days in mourning for him; besides, he was aware that it is hard for a woman, and doubly so for a pretty one, to live on memories only. Yes, he was positive that she would marry again, and then he, Blakely, who had loved her and toiled for her, would be but a memory, a memory that would grow more distant and remote as the years rolled by. At first she, herself, would place fresh flowers on his grave every day, and, weeping at his tomb, live over in memory the old happy days of their romance. Next she would order the florist to put flowers there. Her visits would grow less frequent and further apart, until finally, when the other man came into her life, she might not come at all, and Blakely pitied himself lying there in his lonely grave, while that which had once been his belonged to another. And possibly that other man might be a brute and abuse her. The distorted imagination of the sick man pictured everything with startling vividness. Thus it was that hour after hour, day after day, he pursued this maddening train of thought, and at each repetition it became more hateful, more unbearable. A cold perspiration broke out over him; he clenched his hands and groaned. Still those awful hurrying thoughts went crowding through the poor fevered brain.

Why couldn't she go with him into the Unknown Land? How much better it would be! What sorrows might she not escape! Thus far her life had been happy. Why not let it end now in its glory and save her the afflictions that eventually come to all? Ah! and save himself this dreadful agony of knowing that some day she would become the wife of another. It was that thought which made a hell of his sick-bed, and now, why not remove forever all possibility of such a thing? Yes, that was the solution—they had been together in this life; they would enter the next hand in hand.

Blakely opened his eyes and looked furtively about the semi-darkened room. The only light seemed to come through the window where his wife was sitting. Her head thrown back, her eyes closed. She had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion. A weird fascination kept Blakely's eyes staring at the sweet, pale face, in sleep as untroubled as a child's. How often had he watched her thus calmly sleeping. Stealthily and by sheer force of will, the sick man raised himself on his elbows, his eyes still fixed upon his wife's face. Then putting his hands on the floor, he crawled out of bed head first. On his hands and knees, his glittering eyes staring at that sleeping face, he dragged his poor, emaciated body slowly, painfully over the crimson velvet carpet. It seemed an endless journey from his bed to her chair, and every little while he would have to stop to take a long breath, but whether resting or pulling himself noiselessly along, his eyes were always fixed upon her face. At last he reached her side, and raising himself on his hands and knees, he looked at her as an ape might do, his dark hair, long and disheveled, falling over his forehead, his face, rough and unshaven. He remained that way for a moment, staring at her, then for the first time his eyes wandered from the woman's sleeping face to the small table beside her, covered with medicine bottles. Yes, that was it—a few drops from the small bottle with the picture of the skull and crossbones on its label, poured into the half-emptied lemonade glass that stood at her elbow. Doubtless she would finish the lemonade as soon as she awakened, and then—the half-naked man smiled in a ghastly

way that showed his white, even teeth. Of course, there was a possibility that she would not drink it, but he would have to take the chance. With long, well nigh fleshless hands that trembled so that he nearly dropped the vial, he poured a few drops of the almost colorless liquid into the glass of lemonade. Then, slowly, laboriously and painfully, he dragged himself back over the floor, crawling on hands and knees as he had come. Every little while he turned his head and looked back at his wife peacefully sleeping. Thank heaven, he had reached his bed at last. The distance from her chair had seemed so long and he had thought so much on the way. Oh! if he could only stop thinking those terrible thoughts. With one final gathering of all his scattered forces, he pulled himself upon the bed, and then, click, something seemed to snap in his brain.



Three months later Blakely, pale and thin, upholstered by pillows and carefully wrapped up, was lying on a couch beside an open window. The soft spring air felt refreshing and he inhaled deep draughts of it. The sky was a broad stretch of deep, unbroken blue, save where it was dotted with white, fleecy clouds; and the song of a little English wren, perched on an adjacent tree, floated cheerfully into the sick-room. When Blakely opened his eyes, the doctor and nurse exchanged pleased glances. For the first time in many weeks, they saw a look of sane intelligence in the eyes of their patient, who glanced eagerly around the room and then quickly back at the physician, as though searching for something.

"My wife, where is she?" he asked feebly.

There was a look of commiseration in Dr. Bowen's kindly brown eyes as, laying his hand on the sick man's shoulder, he tried to parry the question, but Blakely was not to be put off. Already he was growing excited, and the doctor saw that only the truth could calm him.

"Your wife," Dr. Bowen began gently, "is very ill. There is little chance, I fear, for her recovery, but we—"

Blakely interrupted him with a bitter laugh. "No sugar-coating, doctor; tell me the truth. I can bear it."

"Calm yourself, my dear young man." The doctor spoke in soft, soothing tones. "Your life has mercifully been spared, but your wife"—the physician paused; accustomed as he was to grief, there was something of blank despair in the face before him that made it hard even for him to proceed. "Your wife is—"

Blakely interrupted him curtly. "How did she die?" he asked.

"Mrs. Blakely," continued the doctor, "took some of your medicine, evidently by error. It was thought she must have put it in the lemonade, mistaking it for a headache potion, which was also on the medicine table. The drug which she took was a very powerful one, and unless administered with another medicine, even a few drops of it would cause death. When the nurse returned to the room she found you deliriously raving, while your wife slept her life away. Your recovery is well nigh miraculous. You are entirely out of danger now, and you must try to bear your bereavement bravely. You have much with which to console yourself in your affliction, for you were a good husband and you made her happy. You at least need have no vain regrets nor self-reproachings." The doctor paused abruptly and looked at the man beside him. Evidently his words were falling on barren ground, for Blakely sat with his head turned toward the open window and the blue sky and the

singing birds, but he did not see these things. A blurred, confused memory was returning to him, and he saw.
Yes, he remembered all now. It was as clear as day.

The physician was offering more consolation, but Blakely, his face drawn and white, turned to him almost fiercely.
"For God's sake," he cried, "be still and leave me alone."

Barney McGee

By Richard Hovey

(Printed by Request.)

BARNEY McGEE, there's no end of good luck in you,
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,
Wild as a bull-pup, and all of his pluck in you—
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see!
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is carrot—
Whoop, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!
Mellow as Tarragon,
Prouder than Aragon—
Hardly a paragon,
You will agree—
Here's all that's fine to you!
Books and old wine to you!
Girls be divine to you,
Barney McGee!

Lucky the day when I met you unwittingly,
Dining where vagabonds came and went flittingly,
Here's some *Barbera* to drink it befittingly,
That day at Silvio's, Barney McGee!
Many's the time we have quaffed our Chianti there,
Listened to Silvio quoting us Dante there—
Once more to drink Nebiolo spumante there,
How we'd pitch Pommery into the sea!
There where the gang of us
Met ere Rome rang of us,
They had the hang of us
To a degree.
How they would trust to you!
That was but just to you.
Here's o'er the dust to you,
Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, when you're sober you scintillate,
But when you're in drink you're the pride of the intellect;
Divil a one of us ever came in till late,
Once at the bar where you happened to be—
Every eye there like a spoke in you centering,
You with your eloquence, blarney and bantering—
All Vagabondia shouts at your entering,
King of the Tenderloin, Barney McGee!
There's no satiety
In your society
With the variety
Of your esprit,
Here's a long purse to you,
Here's a great thirst to you!
Fate be no worse to you,
Barney McGee!

Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate,
Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate!
Faith, it's so killing you are, you assassinate—
Murder's the word for you, Barney McGee!
Bold when they're sunny, and smooth when they're showery—
Oh, but the style of you, fluent and flowery!

Chesterfield's way, with a touch of the Bowery!
How would they silence you, Barney machree?
Naught can your gab allay,
Learned as Rabelais
(You in his abbey lay
Once on a spree).
Here's to the smile of you,
(Oh, but the guile of you!)
And a long while of you,
Barney McGee.

Facile with phrases of length and Latinity,
Like honorificabilitudinitary,
Where is the maid could resist your vicinity,
Wiled by the impudent grace of your plea?
Then your vivacity and pertinacity
Carry the day with the devil's audacity;
No mere veracity robs your sagacity
Of perspicacity, Barney McGee;
When all is new to them,
What will you do to them?
Will you be true to them?
Who shall decree?
Here's a fair strife to you!
Health and long life to you!
And a great wife to you, Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, you're the pick of gentility;
Nothing can phase you, you've such a facility;
Nobody ever yet found your utility—
There is the charm of you, Barney McGee;
Under conditions that others would stammer in,
Still unperturbed as a cat or a Cameron,
Polished as somebody in the Decameron,
Putting the glamour on Prince or Pawnee.
In your meanderin',
Love and philanderin',
Calm as a mandarin,
Sipping his tea!
Under the art of you,
Parcel and part of you,
Here's to the heart of you,
Barney McGee.

You who were ever alert to befriend a man,
You who were ever the first to befriend a man,
You who had always the money to lend a man,
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!
Sure, you'll be playing a harp in beatitude
(And a quare sight you will be in that attitude)—
Some day, when gratitude seems but a platitude,
You'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.
That's no flim-flam at all,
Frivol or sham at all,
Just the plain—Damn it all,
Have one with me!
Here's one and more to you!
Friends by the score to you,
True to the core to you,
Barney McGee!

Anglo-Saxons and the Bible

AMONG the many reports and notices of the meetings held in celebration of the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, comparatively few have drawn attention to a point which surely deserves the closest and most earnest consideration. That is the importance which is attached to the work of the Society, and the help which has been given to the Society's objects, by the people of North America,—the English-speaking races of the New World. It is, of course, true that the example of the handful of Englishmen who founded the Bible Society a hundred years ago has been followed by citizens of Continental nations; there were messages of congratulation and good wishes sent to the Society, for instance, from the Bible Societies of Sweden, Prussia, Russia and Denmark, besides addresses received from Finland, Paris, Belgium and Italy. But the chief support which was given to the Society was, as it has always been, essentially Anglo-Saxon. The Upper Canada Bible Society, through their delegate, Dr. Hoyles, of Toronto, handed the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society a cheque for £2,000 "as a birthday gift," and expressed the hope that an additional £10,000 would be forthcoming. But it was left to the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans to send the Ambassador of the United States to bring a message from Mr. Roosevelt, conveying to the British and Foreign Bible Society "my hearty congratulations on their centenary, and my earnest good wishes for the continued success of their great work." It is surely a message which conveys a far deeper meaning, and suggests far greater possibilities for the future of the great nations of the world, than might be read into it at first sight by men who are careless or merely contented.

For what has been the history of the American Bible Society, for which Mr. Choate spoke, and what is the real significance of the fact that the driving energy behind the work of the distribution of the Bible has always been Anglo-Saxon? Mr. Choate spoke with feeling of the beginnings of the infant State founded by the first British colonists in America. "They carried King James' Bible with them as their best possession, the only one of lasting value, and their only readable book. In the Bible they found not only their religion, but their literature, their biographies, their voyages and travels, and their poetry,—poetry such as no poets had since produced. The people of New England in the first generations were the most Biblical community on the face of the earth; their laws, customs, language, and habits were founded on the Bible, and they made it the sole guide of their lives." And what has been the record of "the most Biblical community on the face of the earth" during the years that have come after "the first generations?" The American Bible Society has set itself "the immense task of keeping a population of eighty millions supplied with a Bible in every home, and has also to meet the needs of eight hundred thousand immigrants coming in every year; yet it does almost as much for foreign lands as for its own country." In conclusion, Mr. Choate spoke finely of the mission of his country and England "for the promotion of civilization, order, religion, peace, and duty." "He believed, and he thought the Bible Societies united in the belief, that the only sure guarantee of peace was the moral influence of public opinion. If the public opinion of each nation behind the Government was for peace, there would be no war. In this the two nations ought to set the finest examples, and he believed other nations would follow. Public opinion should be based on the

Upholstery Goods *Nugent's*

Buying time is here! We're ready for you in our Upholstery Department, on the third floor, with the biggest stock ever brought across the Mississippi! Lace Curtains, Draperies, Rugs, Matting, etc., bought when the market was at its lowest ebb. That's the secret of these seemingly impossibly low prices!

RUFFLED SWISS CURTAINS—Beautiful figured designs—actual value \$1.75 a pair—sale price\$1.10
ROPE PORTIERES of heavy twisted cords, with top festoons—\$2.00 Portieres for....\$1.20
SWISS BED SETS of plain white organdie, deep hemstitched flounce, with inserted colored band—cover for roll to match—worth \$4.50—sale price\$2.50

LACE CURTAINS—Nottingham Curtains—double thread nets—Renaissance inserted effects—worth \$2.50 pair—sale price\$1.50
Cable Net Lace Curtains, in Battenberg designs—worth \$2.75 a pair—sale price\$1.85
Nottingham Sash Curtains (for bay windows or where narrow curtains are required)—worth \$2.50 pair, at\$1.75

FUR RUGS—30x60 inches, white or gray—worth at least \$2.75—in this sale\$1.65

ROOM RUGS—All-Wool Ingrain Rugs, 6x9 feet—regular \$5.00 quality—sale price....\$3.95

Tapestry Brussels Room Rugs, woven without corner seams, size 9x12 feet—worth fully \$16.50—in this sale for\$13.65

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company, Broadway, Washington Ave. and St. Charles Street.

Book which said nothing to the world but a message of peace and good will. He believed in co-operation in every possible good work between the peoples of our two countries; and why should not that co-operation exist and work for good, he asked, when those two countries had "one God, one Bible, one language, and one destiny?"

We have quoted Mr. Choate's admirable speech at some length, as it certainly deserves to be quoted. For it supplies, surely, the most luminous of comments on the question we have asked,—What is the significance of the fact that the driving energy behind the work of the distribution of the Bible has always been Anglo-Saxon? Is not the answer that the destiny of the world is in the Anglo-Saxon hands that hold the Bible? All the great European nations, since the Middle Ages, have had the Bible to give, if they chose, to the other nations. Yet, by some ordination of the great Plan which we, "seeing through a glass darkly," can only try to understand, it has happened that the Anglo-Saxon nations have been the chosen distributors of the great Book of the world. If you are to believe in any ordered progress at all towards "the one, far-off, Divine event," must you not believe that the destinies of the world—"a swarm of ants in the light of a million million of suns"—have been purposely entrusted to the nations that read the Bible? Of what other book can it be said that during a century there have been printed a hundred and fifty million copies in practically every language spoken by mankind? What other book puts before its readers so insistent a command, so earnestly obeyed, as that of the greatest Teacher whose voice has rung in men's ears,—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?" Not the devoutest follower of Mahomet, not the most pious disciple of Buddha or Confucius, could find any answer but one to that question. The conquering races of the East model their civilization on that of the Western race whose polity is broad-based upon the teaching of what they hold to be the Testament, the revealed Will of the author of the Design of which they are a part,—thereby admitting this, at least, that the Book of the West has given more to its readers than the books of the East. The Koran remains untranslated, perhaps untranslatable,—a message, it must not be doubted, of strength and power, with its own place in the great scheme of the Designer's Will as revealed to men; but not the great Message intended to lead mankind at last to the "peace which passeth all understanding," the "Sabaoth and

the port of all men's labors and peregrinations."

But if it is admitted that the progress of the world is in reality written in the progress of the nations using the same Bible and worshipping the same God, yet, it has been asked, might not the Message which for three hundred years has been given to the English-speaking nations—to be translated into the languages of others countries less happy—be written more shortly, more clearly, more consistently,—in a word, in a form more acceptable to listener and preacher alike? Might not much that has seemed to some irrelevant, much that can but be called ugly, be excised from the Book, so as to leave a residue that all can accept, that all can read without questioning or pain, that will speak of nothing which is not pure and holy and true? The answer is that the Book as a whole has been put to a test to which no other book has been put, and has stood it. The Book is a whole; the whole of life is in it,—peace and war, grandeur and ugliness. There are uglinesses in the Bible; but it was the same man who stood guilty before Nathan that wrote of the God he worshipped: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

It was a hundred years ago that a few men, meeting together in the greatest of English cities, founded a Society which has since collected £14,000,000 with which to further one single work,—the dissemination among the reading peoples of the greatest Book in the world, the "preaching of the gospel to every creature." Could a wider prospect be opened before any such Society than that which was suggested by the speech of the Ambassador of the Anglo-Saxon nation which, next to England, stands first for the propagation of the teaching of the Bible? The American Ambassador was thanked for "having raised in the hearts of the Society a great hope which had, perhaps, lain dormant too long,—the hope of working together for the peace of the world." A hundred years ago, when Napoleon's genius threw a huge shadow on the world, such a thought would not have found utterance. But a hundred years ago the Anglo-Saxon mind had not—what it possesses to-day—the preponderance of the thought of the world. It does possess that preponderance of thought to-day,—owing it, to what? The nations who have stood for the Bible, and who are now leading the world, though in a thousand ways so unworthy and so unrepentant, can read at least without the deep reproach that fell on

the "house of Jacob, which are called by the name of Israel," Isaiah's bitter lament, "O that thou hadst harkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river."

From the London Spectator.



Unwelcome Advertising

THE awful, outrageous squeeze in rents is hurting, and will hurt, this town and the Fair, more than most of us are willing to admit. It affords a sort of damning advertising throughout the country. New York papers have of late been devoting considerable space to this hold-up disposition among our landlords. They uniformly advise all their readers who have no money "to burn" to stay at home. There can be no doubt that this sort of advice will be heeded by many who contemplate visiting St. Louis this summer. The average sensible person does not care to pay grossly exorbitant charges. Besides, Fairs are no longer the powerful attractions they used to be ten or twenty years ago. There have been Fairs galore since 1890. Grasping St. Louisans must not delude themselves with the notion that because ours is to be a "World's Fair," every American and outlander who can at all afford to go will be within our gates this summer. It is ominously significant that the ocean steamship companies report an unusually large demand from Americans for passages to Europe. Unchecked, continued hostility in France against the Church of Rome, of a large accumulation of pelf by people whose fondness for golden goose eggs tempts them to kill the goose.



"The Dynasts"

THOMAS HARDY's latest work, "The Dynasts," is a failure beyond doubt. It has no dramatic verve and glamor, nor does it contain lines of true poetic feeling and artistry. The thing has fallen flat. The distinguished novelist should return to his *premier amour*, the heaths and moors and woods of Wessex. There he is at home, there he finds his best, most powerful inspiration. Mr. Hardy is no dramatic poet. Prose is his true forte. In limning of human character, in vivid, sympathetic, intuitive description of landscape, in the portrayal of pastoral life and its primitively simple *dramatis personae*, Mr. Hardy has no equal. In "The Dynasts" he travels on unknown, ungenial seas, and follows a moon no poet's eye can see.

NEW BOOKS

"Russia at the Bar of the American People," a memorial of Kishineff, by Dr. Isidore Singer, Ph. D., editor and proprietor of the *Jewish Encyclopedia*, is a volume that comes with rare appropriateness in view of the threatened renewal of Russian assaults upon Jews, and the Japanese-Russian war. The volume consists principally of papers and documents collected and edited by Dr. Singer, anent the Jewish massacre at Kishineff. Aside from the public utterances of many prominent Americans in public and religious life, the volume contains a strong introductory article, "The Russian Jew in America," which gives some sound advice to the Jews in America. Dr. Singer quotes with approval the words of a Western thinker: "The pale in Russia is a shame for which Russian Christianity ought to blush, but a self-chosen and artificially created ghetto in this land is a shame for which the Jew ought to blush." Moreover, he declares that the Russian Jew must become American linguistically as well as socially. The "Yiddish" dialect he pronounces one of the chief sources of anti-Semitic sentiment, and the sooner its use is foregone the sooner, he argues, will the Jewish race in America overcome antagonism and become accustomed to our social custom. He realizes that the task of eliminating the jargon and changing the Jewish social life is a tremendous one, but he declares it must be mastered. He has no faith in the present public school system accomplishing the substitution of English for the "jargon," for the reason that the Jewish children congregate in the same district schools and the use of the "Yiddish" is consequently almost forced upon them. "Russia at the Bar of the American People" will no doubt be treasured by the American Jews as a token of the high esteem the Jews of the United States are held by their fellow citizens. The Book is from the Funk & Wagnalls Company. Its price is \$1.50.

The "Bird Center Cartoons," by the well known artist, John T. McCutcheon, now appear in book form, having been collected by the artist and published by McClurg & Co., of Chicago. These cartoons have for some time been appearing in the *Chicago Tribune* or *Chicago Record-Herald*. They depict in good-natured satire the doings of the inhabitants of a small community. The work is true to life, as any person familiar with life in the rural towns will readily appreciate. The "Bird Center Cartoons" is a volume well worth having.

Adolphus T. Ennis has written a rather comprehensive introduction to "Dante's Inferno," as a sort of mentor or guide for students of Dante. The work is not in the nature of a commentary nor does it furnish annotations of historical events or persons. The book is from the press of Richard G. Badger, of Boston. From the same publisher came two other volumes, "Poems by Pauline Frances Camp" and "The Rose of Old Seville," by Elizabeth Minot. A rather creditable play gives title to the latter volume, which also contains a col-

lection of poems. The price of "Introduction to Dante's Inferno," is \$1.25; "Poems," \$1; and "The Rose of Old Seville," \$1.50.

"Tolstoy's Essays," from the press of Funk & Wagnalls of New York, is a volume that contains some of the Russian philosopher and philanthropist's best thought and furnishes considerable insight to his wonderful personality. There are among the essays several that created a furore in Russia and some, the circulation of which were prohibited. The essays are on various topics that have a bearing on Tolstoy's views of life and religion, and if they fail to convince the reader, will be found at least to possess the charm of rousing his thinking apparatus. The translation is complete and there are explanatory footnotes.

"Jewish progress in St. Louis" is the title of a valuable book of reference which has just been issued by A. Rosenthal, who is both editor and publisher. The work contains some 60 odd pages of illustrations and reading matter. It contains data concerning every Jewish enterprise in the city, religious, charitable, educational or mercantile, besides a directory of Jewish business men of the city. In short, this work of Mr. Rosenthal, while it is new, is of considerable importance to both the Jewish and Christian residents of the city.

A rather clever little volume of serious and nonsense verse is Olive Herford's "Overheard in a Garden," recently from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons of New York. It will aid any one to while away a dreary hour. There is a spice of variety in the verse that is pleasing and many pretty sentiments. It is all catchy and modern. The price of the volume, which is illustrated by the author, is \$1.25.

"When Wilderness was King," a romantic story of early Chicago, by Randall Parish, has just made its appearance, from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co. The story culminates in the massacre at Fort Dearborn, and possesses the value of being founded on history. All details or narratives bearing the stamp of authenticity have been neatly worked into the story, which is one of sustained dramatic interest. It is illustrated. The price of the book is \$1.50.

Other new books received by the MIRROR are: "The Theatrical Primer," by H. A. Vivian, and "Twisted History," by Frank C. Voorhies, from the G. W. Dillingham Company, price 75 cents, and \$1 respectively.

DON'T ROCK YOUR BABY

Baby rocking is forbidden now by many physicians, because, so they say, it is liable to make children stupid. But it is not alone rocking in the cradle that is objectionable; rocking an infant in the arms is just about as bad.

Doctor Manaccine, the famous Russian authority on sleep phenomena, says that rocking is an artificial method of inducing slumber. The process fatigues

consciousness by a series of monotonous sensations, and incidentally deprives the brain of its blood supply. Absence of blood from the brain makes sleep. In Germany they have a proverbial remark about dull people. "He has been rocked into stupidity," they say.

Though insomnia is distressing and very bad for the health, many people sleep too much. Too much sleep is harmful, and even a new-born infant ought not to be allowed to spend all its time in slumber. Between one and two years of age a child needs sixteen to eighteen hours of sleep; from three to four years it requires fourteen to sixteen hours; from four to six years it ought to have thirteen to fifteen hours; from six to nine years it should have from ten to twelve hours, and from nine to thirteen years the proper allowance of sleep is eight to ten hours. After the completion of growth, the sleep allowance can be brought down safely to six or eight hours.

All methods of putting children to sleep artificially by monotonous sensations ought to be forbidden, including monotonous lullabies. It is undesirable

either to interrupt or to prolong artificially the slumber of infants and young folks. During the first five or six weeks of its life the baby ought to be awake two hours in every day, and the waking period should be increased gradually.

As for the practice of rocking, Doctor Menaccine has found by experiment that swinging the body for only fifteen minutes produces in healthy adults a lowering in temperature of from one to two and one-half degrees Fahrenheit, with more or less pronounced brain anemia (bloodlessness) and pain at the heart.

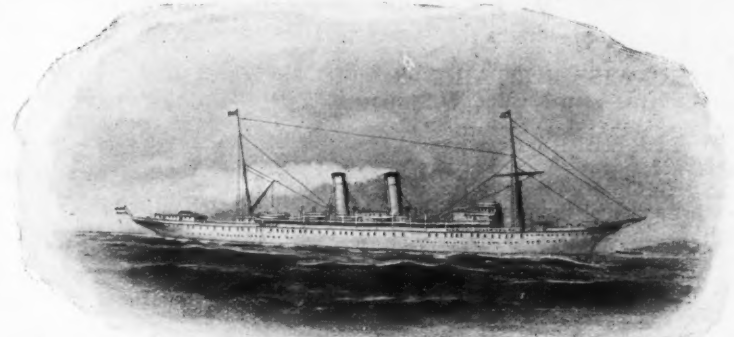
In old age the need of sleep may be the same as with very young persons. But too much sleep is harmful to the aged, mentally, says Doctor Menaccine. They ought not to sleep more than ten or twelve hours, unless extremely feeble.

Young yeomanry officer (airing his exploits in the late war)—"And among other things, don't you know, I had a horse shot under me." Fair ignoramus—"Poor thing! What was the matter with it?"—Punch.

During June, July and August

The Hamburg-American Line

Will Dispatch Their Palatial Twin-Screw Steamers



Twin-Screw Cruising Steamer "Prinzessin Victoria Luise" of 450 feet length.

"Auguste Victoria", "Prinzessin Victoria Luise"
and the new Twin-Screw Cruising S. S. "METEOR"

... on ...

10 Grand Cruises to Norway, the North Cape
and Spitzbergen,

"THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

and to the Baltic Sea and the Famous Seaside
Resorts of Europe

Duration from Hamburg, 2 - 4 weeks each. Cost \$62.50 and upwards.

Two Grand Cruises Around The World

Per S. S. Prinzessin Victoria Luise

I. Departure Sept. 15, 1904, from New York

II. Departure Jan. 24, 1905, from San Francisco

Duration, 4½ months each. Cost, including all side trips, \$1500 upwards

For Handsomely Illustrated Pamphlets, Detailed Itineraries, etc., etc., apply to

The Hamburg-American Line

Phone MAIN 4535
D796

901 Olive St., St. Louis

SPORTING COMMENT

BROWNS-CARDINAL SERIES.

The informal opening of the base ball season in St. Louis, if it did not reveal any wonderful improvement in either of the Cardinals or Browns, proved beyond doubt that the St. Louis enthusiast possesses a quality of hope that is ever on tap. The way they turned out to see the first games of the World's Fair series between the two teams, certainly made Messrs. Robison and Hedges shake hands with themselves. No doubt both teams will put up much more scientific games when they have grown accustomed to the climate. One thing is noticeable in the work of both—there is more dash and harmony in their play. There seems to be no likes or dislikes to interfere with the victorious playing of the clubs, and it is hoped both managers will be able to keep the players in this humor throughout the season. The Cardinals, especially, are a gingery lot, and the majority of them are young and ambitious. In this respect Manager Nichols is fortunate. The Browns also have a fair sprinkling of the young blood to infuse life into their game. The games thus far played by the two teams were of a rather ragged character. In fact, it wasn't professional base ball as St. Louisans know it.

CHICAGO WILL HAVE RACING.

The Chicago race tracks will not be idle this spring and summer. They have decided to race, despite Mayor Harrison's ban on betting. The American Derby, the big event in Chicago, is even attracting considerable attention. The entries and weights are to be announced this week, and the Washington Park authorities intend to throw about it all the safeguards possible to prevent the same foul breath of scandal which was created by the running of the last Derby. It has held back the nominations and the handicap, purposely, to hamper the early future booking on the event, as much as possible. It was thought that the hostile order of the postal authorities would put the future book out of business, but it would seem that it has had only a slightly deterrent effect, as at least one Chicago gambler has been posting prices on the Suburban and Brooklyn and World's Fair handicaps.

ST. LOUIS RACING SEASON.

Next week in St. Louis will witness the opening of a racing season which promises to surpass any of the halcyon days of yore. Two tracks will be thrown open, and each with a goodly number of horses to make high class racing each day. The Kinloch course is as popular as ever with the horsemen, and many of them have left the balmy South in order to put their youngsters and old campaigners in shape by working them and racing over the velvety earth of the county race course. Though the Memphis meeting clashes with the opening of Kinloch, it hasn't prevented many of the best horses coming here. The Kinloch Inaugural, the big race of the opening day, will bring together a field which, it is supposed, will surpass in class and number any that has as ever contested this event. The entries and weights for

this race probably will be out Monday, when some line may be gotten on the outcome. All stables at Kinloch are filled, and many horses quartered at the Fair Grounds will be raced at the Florissant course. At the new Union track everything is rapidly being put in shape for the opening, which is on the same day as the Kinloch meeting. It is estimated that more than 600 horses will be in stalls at the new course, before the first week of racing is ended, and many of them are horses that have never been seen in this section. The new track will be ready for racing, according to the statements of the officials, and General Manager Carmody declares that on the opening day everything looking to the comfort of patrons, ladies and gentlemen, will have been completed. One of the opening features may be an automobile race between Barney Oldfield, the famous autoist, and John Ryan, the millionaire race track plunger and book-maker.

HE HEARD IT

A gentleman with very squeaky boots chanced to go into a theater the other night just as the actor on the stage was exclaiming, "But, soft! Methought I heard a foot-fall!" Then arose the heartiest laugh of the evening.—*Tit-Bits*.

Didactic Mamma—Now, then, Charlie, don't you admire my new silk dress?
Charlie (with emphasis)—Yes, mamma.

Didactic Mamma—And, Charlie, all the silk is provided for us by a poor worm.

Charlie—Do you mean dad?

Querist—Doesn't it worry you a good deal that so many of your patients die on your hands?

Young Doctor—Worry me? Why should it? Think of the experience I am getting.

BANKING FOR FIFTY YEARS

Statistics are generally dry and uninteresting reading, but occasionally a study of them will unfold a volume of reminiscences romantic and otherwise. What a stirring story of the business and financial history of St. Louis, is, for instance, involved in the statistics that tell of the career of St. Louis' financial Gibraltar, the German Savings Institution, at present situated at the southeast corner of Fourth and Pine streets! Think of the storms the institution has weathered in the fifty years of its existence and what a substantial help it was to the sturdy St. Louisans of a half-century ago in building up the nucleus of many of the present day large private fortunes! Think of the lofty business purpose and the true principles which must have been characteristic of the men who guided the institution safely and prosperously in all those years! Well may the German Savings Institution be styled the "Gibraltar of St. Louis Finance." In 1853 its assets totaled only \$13,903.57; to-day they amount to \$9,603,330.15. Its capital to-day is \$500,000 and its surplus \$1,000,000. The same conscientious, honest methods which inaugurated the institution fifty years ago and expanded the \$13,903.57 worth of

assets into \$9,603,330.15 are employed to-day. New-fangled, alluring schemes do not attract its officers or directors. They steer clear of the many so-called quick profit making enterprises and make it a point to abide by the ancient landmarks of conservative banking business. They aim to hold the confidence of depositors and the business community in general. The very name of the institution is a synonym for financial prudence, probity and progressiveness. The reputation for honesty, integrity and business acumen enjoyed by the officers and directors of the institution is itself a guarantee of its solidity and straightforward business methods. John Wahl is president. William Koenig, vice-president; Richard Hospes, cashier, and M. Hunicke assistant cashier. The directors are Louis Fusz, Richard Hospes, William Koenig, Charles Stockstrom, Otto F. Meister, William C. Uhri, John Wahl and N. W. McLeod.

It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

COMFORT FOR THE HOMELY

Every girl that is dissatisfied with herself should remember that she is better looking than the kindest of looking glasses bids her believe. A mirror can not flatter a face that is in its natural state—that is, not "made up." Even the very best plate glass has a pale green tinge which reflects a color a

trifle less clear than the original. Hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Two stately dames (so runs report)
From rival cities chanced to meet;
Fifth avenue the home of one,
The other came from Beacon street.

The latter lady looked upon
The former as a *parvenue*,
Nor took the slightest pains to mask
Her supercilious point of view.

She condescendingly let fall,
Thinking an upstart thus to shame,
That sundry of her ancestors
To Plymouth in the *Mayflower* came.

"Indeed!" the other said; "I thought—
I may be wrong—I won't insist—
But, somehow, my impression 'was
The *Mayflower* had no steerage list."
—Percy F. Bicknell in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

Alphonse—Ah! Bah! Ze vile Ingleesh-man!

Paul—Vat he done?

Alphonse—Ze bad sixpence I give him in hese change he vas give me for a tip.

Dyer—"How do you know he is honest?"
Duell—"He declined a position in the Post Office Department."—*Life*.

Sixth,

Seventh,

Barr's
(St. Louis)

Olive,

Locust.

Men's \$15.00 Silk Lined Top Coats for \$11.75.

These are the Top Coats that have been such a sensation this spring at \$15.00 each. They are silk lined and are finished as well as most top coats that sell for \$25.00.



There are all shades of whipcord and tan coverts; also the very popular shades of gun metal and gray. These coats will fit as perfectly and give fully as much satisfaction as a \$25.00 custom-made coat. Because the line is broken and the season becoming a little advanced we reduce the price to-morrow to..... **\$11.75**

Men's \$12 Suits for \$8.50.

Men's three and four button Sack Suits on sale to-morrow at a third under price. These are broken lines and sizes left from the enormous business of Easter week. While there is not every pattern in every size, still there are all sizes and all patterns in the lot. These are all this season's suits and are in the very latest styles. Regular value is \$12.00, and some of them sold for \$15.00.

Your choice of the line to-morrow..... **\$8.50**

Any alterations necessary to insure fit will be made free of charge.

Second Floor, Cor. Sixth and Locust

JAPAN'S SMART SET

"The smart set in Japan," writes Mr. Douglas Sladen in "Queer Things About Japan," "does not know its own mind. . . . The Japanese in their hearts do hate the West, but they are sharp enough to see that no nation can be a first-class power which does not wear trousers. So there are two 'smart sets' in Japan—the breeched and the unbreeched; and as there are many Japanese who practice both religions, there are many who live both lives. The official 'smart set,' which embraces ambassadors and cabinet ministers, and politicians generally, wear trousers in public. But follow the immaculate field marshal or pompous courtier home, and inside of five minutes you will find him, minus breeches or knee-breeches, comfortably enveloped in a kimono, and most likely squatting on the floor.

"The 'smart set' in Japan is composed of three kinds of nobles—the old feudal princes, the court nobles (who have shared the existence of the mikado for many centuries), and the new court nobles, selected for their ability to govern the country. Success in commerce is not recognized in Japan.

"The smart Japanese with European pretensions go in chiefly for dinner parties. They cannot give afternoon teas, because in a country where the teas go on all day long one would never know which was the afternoon tea. . . . But the Japanese can give dinner parties. . . . The food and wines are always very good, and the dinner served in perfect form. . . . The Japanese man does not care for foreign theatrical companies, he has no music halls; . . . he does not hunt, he does not shoot; want of horses prevents him from learning polo. . . . If he plays games at all, except billiards and cards, they are children's games, and he is too dignified to play them in public. . . . He fishes and catches fish.

The well-bred Japanese woman is expected to find enough to do in attending to the children and servants. It is her privilege to perform every kind of menial service for her husband. Music is not thought proper for a lady to know. She has no carriage. "She does not go to the theater until she is old and ugly." "She is not encouraged to pay calls." "Being religious is regarded as a sign of flightiness in Japanese women." She calls on other women and drinks tea, and sometimes she is taken to "see a flower blossoming at its best, or the maples turning crimson in autumn;" and the court ladies now dance a great deal. But still, we are told, "a woman in the smart set in Japan does not marry for a husband, but to be unpaid servant to his family."

"The dude is very apt to go into politics as the best avenue for promotion. . . . Another avenue for the 'smart' young man is the army. . . . In Japan the aristocratic dude is not such a fool as he looks, or as other dudes mostly are. Being unintelligent is not part of his swagger, as it is with the same class here. . . . Nor does the fit of his frock coat or the shininess of his hat eliminate in the Japanese the artistic cravings with which he was born.

He will still go great distances to see a particularly fine peony blossom or the iris beds at Horikiri when every head is in bloom; he will still go back half a dozen times to look at some old kake-mono by a famous master if he has not been able to understand some particular motive in it."

The "oddest thing" about the Japanese smart set, according to Mr. Sladen, is that they have no stated hour for getting up or breakfast. "They just happen to leave their beds, and begin the eternal tea sipping." The "most original thing" in Japanese smart society is the mother-in-law, who blames her daughter-in-law, and even has her divorced, for conjugal fidelity—"for if that wicked woman is devoted to her husband she cannot devote sufficient attention to her duties as lady's maid to his mother." Finally, it would seem that the splendid little nation has adopted just sufficient of the external fashions of English "smart" society to achieve their end—i. e., to meet foreigners on equal ground. Their beliefs, their philosophy, their vital racial traditions and customs remain their own, and are practically unalterable; and Mr. Sladen pays a just tribute to the "cleverness,

tact, and dignity which they have shown in acquiring at a minute's notice customs which, for the most part, are diametrically opposed to all their notions of good sense, and even decency."

THE NEXT DAY

"I understand that you were in a little trouble that started in the parlor social."

"Dat's what I were," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Dar was a feller wif a razzar dat chose me for de opposite gemmen in a trouble quadrille."

"But you came out best in the long run?"

"Yassir, I did. But I mus' say it were one o' de longes' runs I ebber had." —*Washington Star*.

This tale was told by Governor Pennypacker, in beginning a response to a toast at a Pennsylvania German banquet in Philadelphia, says the *Denver Times*. The story, he said, showed the readiness of the Pennsylvania Dutchman to obey those in authority:

In 1864, Sheridan, under orders, burned every barn from a valley above Staunton to a certain point below Win-

chester. A band of angry rebels followed this raid, watching for a chance to pick up any stragglers. Among others who fell into their hands was a little Pennsylvania Dutchman, who quietly turned to his captors and inquired:

"Vat you fellers going to do mit me?"

The reply came short and sharp.

"Hang you."

"Vell," he said, meekly, "vatever is der rule."

His good-natured reply threw the Confederates into a roar of laughter and saved his life.

An Amended Criticism: "Binks's play good? Nonsense. Binks's play is nothing but a little old French farce warmed over," said Criticus. "You don't mean warmed over, do you?" queried Puristicus; "cooled off would be more descriptive." —*Life*.

Henrietta—"I saw Miss Sourly this afternoon, and she had on a waist just exactly like Marion's. And you know how Marion hates her!" Katherine—"I should say so. I choose to speak to Marion about it first!" —*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

FURNITURE

CARPETS

If
you intend

fitting up an extra room

for the summer, we have Some

Specials in cheap and medium Furniture,
Carpets and Rugs at Reduced Prices. . . .

Georgia-Stimson

616-618

Washington Ave.

RUGS

DRAPERIES

SOCIETY

Of the weddings of the present week all are of great social importance, and none there are without an unusual run of pre-nuptial gayeties.

A large St. Louis delegation went to Bergen Point, N. J., to attend on Monday the wedding of Miss Sallie Shannon Walsh, one of the belles of St. Louis, and Mr. James Dennison Sawyer, of Buffalo. The ceremony was performed at Pepperidge, the home of Mrs. Solon Humphreys, aunt of the bride. Mrs. Jack Geraghty, a recent bride, acts as matron of honor for her sister. The bride's uncle, Mr. Julius Walsh, gave the bride away. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer will reside at Fredonia, near Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Mersman, Mr. and Mrs. David R. Calhoun, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Joy are among the St. Louisans who attended the ceremony.

The debutante wedding of the week was that of Miss Ethel Edgar, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Edgar, and Mr. Gerard Allen, eldest son of Mr. George L. Allen. The ceremony was performed at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, a fashionable crush filling the church. Miss Edgar is the youngest of the Easter brides, and her maids were all debutantes of last season. They were Misses Mary Allen, Ethel Gamble, Mildred Stickney, Ethel Simpkins and Nannie Lee. An informal reception followed the church ceremony at the home of the bride's parents in Washington boulevard.

On the same day Miss Caroline Newman, granddaughter of the late Socrates Newman, was married to Mr. Rufus Lackland Taylor, at the home of her mother, Mrs. L. V. Newman, in Delmar boulevard. Misses Rosemary Sartoris, Lelia Chopin, Marie and Blanche

Taylor, Isabel Wilcox, and Genevieve McDonald, the latter of Philadelphia, were her attendants. Mr. Taylor was attended by Messrs. Louis Le Baume, John Turner, Philip Foulke, Will Taylor and Edgar Rozier. Mr. W. B. Cowan acted as best man. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left for New York, from which point they will sail in a week for Paris, France, where they are to be entertained by relatives of Mrs. Taylor.

The third of the Easter Wednesday weddings was that of Miss Beulah O'Hara and Mr. Everett Watson Brooks. Mrs. Horace Rumsey was the matron of honor at that smart wedding, and Miss Gertrude O'Hara, a sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor. Mr. Oliver Garrison was Mr. Brooks' groomsman, with Mr. Elgin S. Brooks as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks have gone South for their honeymoon, and upon their return will reside with Mr. and Mrs. Everett S. Brooks of Lindell boulevard.

The Easter Saturday brides are Miss Janet Lee and Miss Blanche Niedringhaus. Miss Lee will have a quiet home wedding; Miss Niedringhaus a grand church nuptial feast.

Nine o'clock in the morning is the hour set for the Lee-Carpenter wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lee in Vandeventer place. Miss Nanette Paschall and Miss Mamie Lee will be the bride's only attendants. A wedding breakfast to which one hundred and fifty guests have been bidden, will follow the ceremony. After a bridal tour in the East, Captain and Mrs. Carpenter will go to their future home at Fort Totten.

Saturday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock Miss Blanche Niedringhaus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Niedringhaus, will be married to Mr. Alden Howe Little at the Lindell Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, in Lindell boulevard.

Miss Niedringhaus will be attended by her sister, Miss Eleanore Niedringhaus, as maid of honor. Her bridesmaids will be Misses Louise Little, Helene Brown, Cornelia Scott, Marjorie Ferris and Marie Hoopes. Miss Hoopes is a Philadelphia belle, and former Ogontz school mate of the bride. Mr. Little will be attended by Mr. Henry Ferris, his cousin, as best man. His groomsmen will be Messrs. Ralph Chantillon of New York; Fred Rockwood, and Walter Warren, of Chicago. A reception will follow the church ceremony at the home of the bride's parents in Lindell boulevard. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Little will leave for the East on a honeymoon trip.

Miss Niedringhaus has been the best entertained bride of the week, and has herself done her share of entertaining. Last Wednesday she gave a "bachelor" dinner to the girls of the bridal party at the Woman's Club. Thursday evening the bridal party was dined by Mrs. Tom Niedringhaus. Friday they spent the day at the Century Club, devoting their time to rural pleasures, and in the evening Mrs. Alexander Niedringhaus gave them a dinner at her home. The wedding presents bestowed upon this beautiful bride are numerous and costly, a residence completely furnished,

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

Ladies' Tailoring and DRESSMAKING

To Special Order.

We have arranged to turn out custom-tailored garments for ladies, especially in the popular short-coat and skirt effects—made from poplin, taffetas, silk and linen—in much shorter time than usual. These are specially for World's Fair use.

In our Dressmaking Department proper we can also execute orders for shirt-waist suits, in all the spring and summer materials, at short notice, owing to our increased facilities.

For each order a special design with estimates and appropriate samples is furnished, if requested. Prices most reasonable.

WE MAKE THEM, WHAT?

UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM FACTORY TO YOU

Namendorfs

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A SAVING WORTH TAKING.

519 LOCUST



TURKISH BATHS

Exclusively for Ladies.
Carlton Building,
Sixth and Olive Streets.
F. DE DONATO, Prop.

EXCLUSIVELY FOR LADIES

MANICURING, HAIR-DRESSING

"THE APOLLO"

LADIES' TURKISH BATH PARLORS

TURKISH, ELECTRIC AND PLAIN BATHS

819 LOCUST STREET, SECOND FLOOR

HOURS: DAILY, 8 A. M. TO 8 P. M.
SAT. UNTIL 12 NIGHT

SAINT LOUIS

in Berlin avenue, being the gift of Mr. Niedringhaus to his pet daughter.

The Luedeking-Chaplin nuptials are set for Saturday, April 16. A quiet church wedding at St. Peter's is planned by the bride's parents, with a family dinner at home.

The leading society event of the week is the Jefferson Hotel ball, given under the auspices of the St. Louis Chapter, D. O. C., to-morrow night. The smartest of the smart set of St. Louis and many of the titled foreigners now in the city will assemble at this function.

A gala function, ushering in the im-

After the theater, before the matinee, or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE **St. Nicholas Hotel**

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

Schoen's Orchestra

OFFICE AT THE **ODEON**

All the Popular Music.
Bell Phone, Lindell 1 22

A Frank Confession

We are not doing as large a jewelry business as we should. If the public generally knew, as well as we do, the splendid values we give in all lines of moderate priced jewelry, we have no hesitancy in saying we would be doing 90% of the jewelry business of St. Louis. This is not a vain boast. As it is, we have an immense outlet. The best manufacturers in the country are anxious for our account, and to hold it they offer us the first and best of their products. Buying direct from manufacturers insures lowest possible prices. Moreover it is a recognized fact that we will not buy any article that we cannot absolutely guarantee.

As a Special Inducement to have you, personally, prove the truth of the foregoing assertions we offer the following examples:

Sterling Silver-top Golf Hat Pins, two in a set, put up in leather caddy bag, large pin and ornamented with raised World's Fair Building, a neat and practical souvenir of St. Louis Exposition.....48c per set

Rolled Plated Roman Bead Necklaces, guaranteed.....25c each

Sterling Silver Front Waist Sets, 4 pieces, artistic designs.....48c per set

We have selected these items haphazard from our extensive lines.

In addition to the above we carry an unlimited assortment of fancy and plain mounted side and back combs. Pearl and fancy chain necklaces and fan chains. Hat pins of all kinds. Belt pins, buckles and girdle sets. Waist sets, solid gold, rolled plate and sterling silver brooches, stick pins, sleeve buttons and cuff pins.

Complete line of mourning jewelry.

The PALACE

512 Locust St.
THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

PHONE MAIN 676 A.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

mediate World's Fair period, will be the reception of Rt. Rev. Archbishop Glennon by the Catholic aristocracy of St. Louis late in the month of April. Neither date nor place have yet been named, though the last week in the month has been decided upon, and the choice of location is between the St. Louis Club and the new Woman's Club.

This will be, without doubt, the grandest gathering of the smart folks, this city has ever seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Van Schrader will leave next week for Claimont, their country home near Charlestown, Va.

Miss Helene Brown, who will be one of the bridesmaids at the Niedringhaus-Little wedding, came home from her Eastern school for the holidays. She is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Brown.

Col. and Mrs. R. C. Kerens are at Atlantic City, N. J., for a short season of rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Kerens are spending a fortnight at Eureka Springs.

Mrs. Cliff Richardson, who has been residing in New York since the death of her husband, is in the city, visiting friends. She will remain till the opening of the World's Fair.

Mr. Emil S. Fischer, of the Austrian World's Fair Commission, is at the Southern Hotel, having arrived a few days ago from his foreign home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dickson, who were at Atlantic City, returned from the East a few days ago, bringing with them for the Easter holidays their daughters, Julia and Marian Rumsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Turner will entertain at dinner to-night Miss Janet Lee and Capt. Edward Carpenter, and their bridal party.

Misses Lola and Marie Kirschner, of Vienna, Austria, will be among the distinguished foreign guests at the World's Fair opening. Miss Lola Kirschner, under the pseudonym of Ossip Schubert, is one of the leading German novelists.

Dr. and Mrs. John Green, Jr., are among the Eureka Springs guests from St. Louis.

Mrs. John Humphrey Crawford is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Beers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Preetorius have returned from Hot Springs, Ark., where they had been for three weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Robertson, of Mexico, Mo., who was one of the bridesmaids at the O'Hara-Brooks wedding, is the guest of Miss Gertrude Ballard, with whom she will attend the D. O. C. ball tomorrow night.

If you are going to California, get some literature that will tell you all about the places of interest, hotels, etc. Call on or write to J. H. Lathrop, General Agent, Southern Pacific, 903 Olive St., St. Louis.



Murphy—I wonder how Shaughnessy got cured of that ingrowing face. *Sweeney*—Sure, he started doctoring his feet, by buying a pair of shoes at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway. When your feet don't hurt you can afford to look pretty.



The debutante—"I think she's just as pretty as she can be." The wallflower—"Most girls are."—*Detroit Free Press*.

MUSIC

CHORAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The twenty-fourth season of the Choral Symphony Society had a somewhat lame ending Friday night. A good programme — Goring-Thomas' "Swan and Skylark" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" in combination—was presented. Mr. Ernst was ill, and the chorus had been insufficiently rehearsed; consequently lack of confidence precluded the possibility of a satisfactory performance of the choral numbers. In the cantata the sopranos approached the high notes of the score meticulously, with the result that some of the singers failed altogether to scale the altitude, while others remained dumb with amaze at the temerity of the few who successfully sounded the upper A. Good Friday depleted the ranks of the unprepared chorus, and their diminished numbers were no match for an over assertive orchestra.

The boldness of the orchestra also had a baleful effect on some of the soloists, obscuring at times a fragile-toned tenor, whose singing, when audible, had some pleasant qualities.

The most satisfying feature of the evening was Miss Ringen's singing. By contrast with the broad methods of her associates this delightful singer's distinction of style was accentuated. Exquisite refinement and genuine vocal art was evidenced in her work; the rendition of "Fac ut Portem" from the "Stabat Mater" was memorable from the point of conception, as well as execution.

The soprano soloist, Mrs. Shannah Cumming, is a reliable singer whose voice has become somewhat acidulated by overwork, and whose interpretation lacks the finer qualities that stamp the artist of high rank. Technique of a rude sort, she had in abundance.

Frederick Martin also gave a good account of himself without doing aught to arouse enthusiasm. He has a round, full bass voice, sings in time and tune in a thoroughly business like way.

Mr. Johnson's tenor is of the lightest, with upper tones of telling quality, and a compass that permitted him to sing, however, acceptably, the high D flat in the "Cujus Animam," to the music of which the "white" character of his voice is unsuited. He was quite happy, though decidedly unpoetic, in the Swan's song, and the audience gave every indication of being pleased with his singing.

The Goring-Thomas work is one of the most beautiful of modern cantatas. The music is lusciously rich and sweet, and while unconscious cerebration played a large part in its melodic and harmonic structure, so beautifully is the whole welded and so consistent is its modernity, that strains of Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Goldmark and many others are not jarringly intrusive.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" "dates" sadly. The "Cujus Animam," "Pro Pccatis" and "Quis est Homo" sound hopelessly antiquated and banal. The best part of the work is the fugue at the close, this Mr. Ernst omitted, pleading in defense the lack of rehearsals.



Songs of Childhood

What would you take in exchange for your memories of the old piano and the songs the children sang to your mother's accompaniment?

If you have no such memories, don't let YOUR children miss THEIR opportunity. Put a

FISCHER PIANO

in the home. Over 100,000 families use them. The good, honest name the FISCHER has won during its 60 years on the market is your surest guarantee of satisfaction. Its soft bell-like tone and splendid singing quality make it the ideal piano for home use.

Will gladly arrange for very reasonable time payments to suit your convenience. Will also take your old piano in exchange.

Bollman Bros. Piano Co.,

NEW PIANOS
FOR RENT.

1120-1122 Olive St.



CONRATH'S Conservatory of Music

LOUIS CONRATH, Director.

3400-3402 Lindell Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Complete and Select Faculty
in all Branches.

DIPLOMAS AWARDED. Write for Catalog.



Chemical Building, 8th and Olive St.

LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST
RESTAURANT
IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining
Rooms and Several Smaller
Rooms for Private Dinner
Parties.

Music by Vogel's Orchestra Every Evening

The conductor's distaste for the drudgery of choral drilling, is probably responsible for the omission. In no previous season has the chorus had so little share in the programme as this year; short choral numbers in the first concert and the annual Christmas "Messiah" has been all the work for this excellent organization, Mr. Ernst deeming new or more ambitious work impracticable.

Pierre Marteau.

LECTURE FOR CHARITY

The annual benefit of the Mothers' and Babies' Home will be held to-night at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. Lieutenant Edward O'Flaherty of the Twenty-seventh United States Volunteers will deliver his lecture on

"The Philippines Up to Date," illustrated with original colored stereopticon slides and motion pictures. Lieutenant O'Flaherty is a veteran of the Spanish-American and Filipino wars. At the charge up San Juan hill he was struck in the chest by a shrapnel ball and was left on the field for dead. While in the Far East Mr. O'Flaherty collected many fine photographs, which, according to General Charles King, U. S. A., are unequaled in interest and historical value. Mr. O'Flaherty is a fluent speaker. The Babies' Home, to which the proceeds will be devoted, is located on Lawton avenue and has a hospital in connection with the main building. It was founded in 1899 by Mrs. H. M. Meier, Mrs. O. C. Shedd, Mrs. C. R.

Teas, Mrs. C. W. Mansur and a number of other St. Louis ladies representing all of the religious creeds of the city. The Home is badly in need of funds to carry on its benevolent work.

DRAMATIC

The Rogers Brothers in their new extravaganza, "Rogers Brothers in London," at the Olympic Theater this week, are varying everything except themselves. They are the same "Dutch" comedians whose fame was made by appealing to a German-American clientele and afterward allowed to spread broadcast throughout the land. What Mansfield, Sothern, Hawtrey and Marlowe fail again and again to do—draw a sold-out house—these two fun-makers accomplish every night. The stage settings of the new extravaganza are gorgeous and swarms of pretty girls disport themselves in bewildering poses and dances. Not being hampered with the necessity of promoting their own personal pulchritude into the center of the limelight, the Rogers can always be depended upon for surrounding themselves with handsome women, and this they have done till the eye can't rest and the senses are dazzled into complete surrender. The jokes are a mixture of freshness and staleness, but always acceptable in the peculiar Rogers delivery. The music is full of merry jingle and the haunting melodies to be left as a reminder of the Rogers' annual visit are "Queen of the Bungalow" and "By the Sycamore Tree." Neva Aymar, Carrie Reynolds, Lillian Coleman, Joe Coyne and Lee Harrison are the principals in the cast, doing excellent work in the vocal and fun-provoking lines.

Next week Maud Adams will come



They were the horses that swam across the river to get a drink!

How they remind one of the man who pays "fashionable prices" because he wants "real English Worsted," say, when he could get it here, get it with as much swagger style, as flawless fit and as sure satisfaction sewn into it—and get it at our moderate prices.

Wonder if that man will test this claim by having us make his Spring suit? Wouldn't you, if you were he?

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,
Medium-Grade Prices.
High-Grade Tailoring.

816-820 Olive, Main 2647.
The Post Office is Opposite

Make Your Wife Glad! Buy Her a New Process Gas Range

There is no other way on earth to spend \$16.00 and save as much time and work—and bring as much comfort.

CONSTRUCTION—The material and workmanship are the best obtainable. Oven is surrounded by a heavy wall of asbestos, and two thicknesses of steel.

EFFICIENCY—The scientific construction of the oven insures *even baking* at the top, bottom and center.

ECONOMY—The asbestos lining, the double walls, and the dead air space between, retain the heat, making it the most economical range on the market.

The NEW PROCESS is sold exclusively by the SIX BACKUS STORES

NOTE:—We will present anyone making a cash purchase of three dollars (the cash payment on time, stoves or water heaters included) at any of our Backus Stores, with a Budding Geranium, potted and in a specially designed iron holder.

The SIX BACKUS STORES

1433 SALISBURY,
1011 OLIVE,

2229 SOUTH BROADWAY,
2249 SOUTH GRAND,

714 NORTH TAYLOR,
6301 EASTON AVE. (Wellston.)

to the Olympic Theater with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play, "The Pretty Sister of Jose."

Frederick Warde and Louis James' Shakespearean revivals at the Century Theater are attracting lovers of old-style classic productions. "Othello" Sunday night drew a fair audience.

Mr. James played with satisfying result the *Moor*, while Warde exulted in his favorite part of *Iago*. The other characters were capably handled by a well-balanced company.

The new play, "Alexander the Great," pleased a critical audience Monday night. "Julius Caesar" drew well at the Wednesday matinee. To-night "Othello" will be repeated. On Friday night and at the Saturday matinee "Alexander the Great" will again be on view. The two tragedians will close their engagement Saturday night with "Macbeth." There are enough faithful admirers left of the immortal bard to comfortably fill the Century this week. What they lack in numbers they certainly make up in enthusiasm, so that Messrs. James and Warde may not altogether look with jealous eyes upon their humble confreres at the Olympic, whose "nose-puncturing" poses seem to draw thousands, where a great revivalist of classic tragedy draws one man.

"The Bostonians," always popular in St. Louis, follow Warde and James at the Century Theater next week.

Al Wilson and Fanny Bloodgood are giving excellent entertainment in "The Prince of Tatters" at the Grand Opera House this week. Wilson plays the part of *Prince Hugo von Reppart*, an Austrian refugee, who emigrates to America in a smuggling vessel. Then, familiar with the ignoble pursuit of smuggling, he aids the Governor of New York in capturing the crew of the vessel and suppressing that traffic. Wilson's singing is the chief attraction of the play. The dialect in which he speaks the lines adds constant amusement to the melodramatic situations. Fanny Bloodgood shares the honors with Wilson. Her impersonation of *Ann Clattercopp*, the burgher's daughter, places her in the ranks of the best character actresses.

Miss Bloodgood puts on her touches of emotion with daintiness and her comedy bits with discretion. She has wonderfully improved in the last few years, and might easily drop into some star engagement, if she preferred not to travel with her husband, Mr. Wilson, to support him as leading lady.

Next week Manager Sheehy of the Grand Opera House has another high-class engagement to offer. James K. Hackett will be the star in his new romantic fantasy, "The Crown Prince." The seat sale for this engagement begins Thursday morning.

Anguste Burmester, capital actress and character woman, will appear to-night at the German Theater of the Odeon as *Josephine Krueger*, a novelist, in "Pension Schoeller," one of the best old-time comedies, which is given by request. The comedy will be preceded by "Adelaide," the Beethoven playlet, which was received with so much warmth a few weeks ago. Director Welb as *Beethoven* gave a picture of the aged composer that stands so far unsurpassed in the record which this actor-manager has made for himself this season. Hundreds who failed to see "Adelaide" at its first presentation are clamoring for it. Vilma von Hohenau, Mrs. Welb-Markham, Leona Bergere and Max Agarty will again sustain the characters in which they pleased so much before. Next Sunday night Messrs. Heinemann and Welb will produce that laughing farce, "Comtesse Helene" (Countess Helen), which is practically new in St. Louis. It has never been given under the present management. Some of the oldest patrons of the German Theater have never seen it, and to others, whose memory goes further than that, it will appear in an entirely new garb. The music numbers will all be new.

Walter Edwards, in "The Sign of the Four," the attraction at the Imperial Theater, is portraying a *Sherlock Holmes* which is somewhat remindful of William Gillette's. Mr. Edwards' detective is a very attractive person and at the same time a bon vivant of the first water.

PAINT

Most any kind of
Paint will please
Some of the people
Some of the time,
But
The Horse Shoe Brand
The Strictly Pure Kind
Is made to please
All of the people
All of the time.
It's all Paint
And no worry.
The other kind
Has the worry in it
Don't Forget That.

MOUND CITY PAINT & COLOR CO.,
GREGG VARNISH CO.
MAKERS OF RELIABLE PRODUCTS
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

S. B. GREGG, PRES. E. H. DYER, SEC.
W. M. H. GREGG, JR., VICE-PRES.

The International Studio

is the most beautiful and up-to-date
ART MAGAZINE Published.

It is complete in its survey of
American Art in particular and the
World's Art in general.

BEGIN AT ONCE TO TAKE

The International Studio

Subscription, \$3.50 per year.

35 cents per number.

Two Specimen Back Numbers for 25 cents.

For Sale by all Newsdealers.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO MARCH NUMBER

contains seven color plates, with a reproduction of a Water Color by WHISTLER; and a fully illustrated article, both critical and descriptive, by CHARLES H. CAFFIN, on the Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition at Philadelphia.

John Lane, 67 5th Av., N. Y.

Conan Doyle's story is capably worked out in all its phases, retaining all the dramatic qualities necessary for capturing the support of lovers of melodrama. Charles Coburn makes of *Dr. Watson* a dignified type of a second-to-the-star part. Harriet Ross is a clever leading lady. For the audiences of the Imperial "The Sign of the Four" is desirable food. They have not had anything in a long time that so tempted their appetites. "Young Tobe Hoxie," a lively new play, beautifully staged, will be next week's offering at the Imperial.

"The Transatlantics" at the Standard Theater present "Two Hot Knights," a new burlesque. This is a timely satire on summer resort gayeties. The action is laid in a fashionable hotel near Narragansett Pier, and, of course, the costumes of the damsels are stunning. The olio this week is far in advance of any seen at this house lately. Ben Jansen, composer and vocalist; Mitchell and Cain, jesters; the Farrell-Taylor Trio; Carmelita d'Arcos; Florine Sweetman, and the Dancing Barrows round out a show of great variety and merit. Next week the "Bon-Tons" will pay a visit to Manager Butler's house.

The society event of the latter part of the month will be the production of "Hamlet Revamped," by the Christ Church Cathedral Chorister Society, lately formed to perpetuate the good work and high standing of Prof. Darby's Cathedral Choir. Tuesday, April 6, will be the date of this smart entertainment, and the Odeon is the place chosen. Three members of the old cast will again assume parts in which they shone twenty years ago. One of them will be Mr. Nat Hazard, who was the first *Queen Gertrude*, of Denmark. The part of *Horatio* will be assumed by Mr. William Porteus, who was the *Polonius* in the original cast, and Mr. Claude Ricketts will be the "black" ghost, in which he made a hit in the first production. Society will be out in full force on this occasion, as it has always done in the past, when this delightful travesty engaged the attention of singers and the lay community of St. Louis. A chorus of 45 singers of the Cathedral choir will render the ensemble numbers.

The spring tour planned by Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra is attracting widespread attention in musical circles all over the country, not only because of the fame of the leader and conductor, but because it will afford music lovers outside of New York City the best opportunity of hearing the principal numbers in that most widely advertised work, Wagner's famous "Parsifal," and as Mr. Conreid will not produce the opera anywhere except at the Metropolitan Opera House this year, this tour will readily become the next and most valuable substitute for an operatic hearing. Mr. Damrosch, than whom there is no better fitted by training and education to present such a grand work, will not depend on his orchestra alone for the concert, but will bring as members of his organization noted soprano, tenor and baritone soloists to interpret the principal vocal num-

bers, also a sextette of female voices for the Flower Maiden chorus and other work. And in addition Mr. Damrosch will give his popular explanatory lecture or remarks which have been so successful in the East this winter, lending added interest and familiarizing his audiences with the work he is producing. Wagnerian selections from other operas will also be on the programme and further details of this great musical event, which comes to the Odeon next Sunday afternoon, will be awaited with interest.

HANDSOME BATH PARLORS FOR LADIES.

This is the season when the bath-house is a comfort and a blessing, and St. Louis ladies have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact that one of the most perfect bathing establishments in the country is within easy access. "The Apollo," on the second floor at 819 Locust street, thoroughly renovated and remodeled, is now open. Its parlors are most perfectly appointed, and have unequalled facilities in equipment. It is indeed a pleasure to bathe there. None but competent attendants are in charge, and the service is superior to any similar baths in the West. The Turkish electric and plain baths perfectly appointed, will please the most fastidious. A manicurist and hair dresser are in constant attendance, so that the patrons of the "Apollo" need not worry about traveling about from one shop to another. The "Apollo" is open daily from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Saturdays from 8 a. m. till 11 p. m.

NOW USING THE MARCONI SYSTEM.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph System is now a recognized asset in commercial circles. Banks and insurance companies, many of them St. Louis institutions, have adopted the Marconi method and unite in indorsing it as the quickest and most simple for commercial communication. The Marconi System has a prominent part, in fact it is the principal means by which shippers can keep in touch with their goods. Cargoes shipped to any prominent European port from the interior of the United States and Canada can be traced from the time they leave port until they have reached their destination. This reduces considerably the "risk," as it is called, and above all lifts a burden of worry off the shoulders of the shipper.

Perhaps the greatest benefit derived from the Marconi System is in the passenger traffic across the Atlantic. Through this agency persons far inland may keep in touch with relatives or friends who may be journeying across the Atlantic until the receiving ship is far beyond midocean. The messages thus dispatched are handled on land and transmitted to the wireless system, both by the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph Companies, which have a special contract with the Marconi Company.

Interest in the progress of the Marconi System is unbounded. From all parts of the world come reports of the progress of the system, and throughout the United States and Canada the public

are keeping in close touch with it. Applications for shares in the enterprise are gratifying to the officers of the company and their agents. In St. Louis the office of F. P. Ward & Company, 204 Century Building, is daily the scene of much activity. There business is brisk. Stock in the Marconi Company is on sale and at figures which permit of every wage-earner and capitalist becoming a stockholder. A visit to the local office of the company will repay any one. There may be seen the now famous instruments which transmit and receive the Marconi messages. The old method of using the tower or rod, and the improved, which does away with the rod, can be seen in operation, and this in itself makes it worth while calling at the agency. It is a chance to see the machine on which Mr. Marconi and other learned scientists and experts worked hard to bring it to its present completeness.

Going the Rounds: *Miranda*—"I accepted Mr. Mashleigh last night and he is going to get the engagement ring today." *Muriel*—"Oh, he already has it. I returned to him this morning the one he gave to me."—*Ex.*

"A great actor is usually wedded to his art, is he not?" "Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barns; "many of them are wedded. But there is a great deal of incompatibility."—*Washington Star.*

Artistic.

Diamond Jewelry and Silverware.

A. KURTZBORN & SONS,

310 North Sixth.

PURITAN

Doesn't do anything but clean—but it does that perfectly; especially Kid Gloves, coarse and dainty Fabrics, Laces, Satin Slippers, Upholstery, Furniture, Shoes, Leather Goods, Straw Hats, Perspiration Stains, etc. Puritan is an absolutely odorless, non-inflammable paste, and never dries out.

Sold by all conscientious druggists.

Price, a quarter
THE PURITAN CO., Mfrs.,
ST. LOUIS.



AN INSIDE POSITION

DO YOU KNOW THE RELATION THE
MILK HAS TO THE COCOANUT?

IT PRESERVES IT

Stenography bears the same relation to the young man desiring success in the business world. If you want to become quite a superior Stenographer at the SMALLEST POSSIBLE EXPENSE, send stamp for Booklet M Address

Mercantile Industrial Institute
SAINT LOUIS

CORSETS FOR THE WASP WAIST

Despite all that has been said and all that will be said against the small waist, it is already an accomplished fact. How, it will be asked, does a woman of to-day find it possible to compress her waist from the twenty-four inches that had during the last few years been allowed her, to the nineteen or twenty that are now demanded?

Those who shriek against the wasp waist are ready, of course, with their answer. They draw lurid pictures of ladies' maids pulling their mistress' stay laces in, while the said mistresses hold their breaths and bear the torture in silence. They hint at rigid stays being worn during the hours of sleep, stays so tight and so uncomfortable that the victim rises in the morning unrefreshed after a fitful sleep, but satisfied that her waist measurement is considerably reduced from its former robustness.

They talk of all these things, and of mysterious potions and unguents taken internally and applied externally; but they do not give the credit that is due for the change where it is deserved—namely, to the clever corsetier of to-day, and to the dressmakers, who are able to metamorphose their clients from substantial beings to sylph-like nymphs merely by dexterity with the scissors.

The change that has come over the corset of to-day is mainly this: That the straight-fronted pattern has been modified in order not, as some pessimists would have it, that the organs of the body be compressed, but that the curve of the waist at the sides be made much more definite than it was. Then, again, every possible amount of girth round and bust line is permitted and the hips are not compressed to the same degree that they have been during the last few years.

Any sensible person will argue from these premises that the waist line, without any amount of compression, will thereby be narrowed in appearance. In these days things are not what they seem, but effects are gained in wonderful ways, and thus it happens that two or more inches can be taken from the waist measurement without any amount of detriment being inflicted upon the customer.

It is the woman who cannot, or will not, have her stays made for her who is obliged to resort to the practice of tight lacing if she wishes to produce a wasp-like waist. The advantages of having the corset built especially for its future wearer are obvious, for the stay-maker, when the measurements are taken, is able to see precisely how the delicate contour of the waist may be accentuated by artificial means.

Little by little, but by sure degrees, faith is being placed in good corsets made to measure, and also in plenty of corsets, instead of only one worn with every dress. For it should be understood that each type of costume should be accompanied or built upon its own special and appropriate type of corset. Women who fish and women who ride, for example, know that it is well-nigh impossible to pursue their favorite sports in comfort if they wear the corset

that is a necessity with their evening costume. The corset par excellence for the sportswoman is made of elastic webbing, with a satin belt in the center and a dexterous amount of the whalebone. A ribbon stay is preferred by many girls for the same purpose, but it is a less convenient type of stay for the more robust woman than the one of elastic webbing.

Corsets that lace down the center are advocated for the sharply pointed evening corsage, and another type that fastens in the center in the usual manner, but laces on either side, is a comfortable dancing stay. An Empire gown demands merely a bust stay and support for the hips.—*London Daily Mail.*



MR. OTTO BOLLMAN RETIRES

Mr. Otto Bollman last Wednesday severed his connection with the firm of Bollman Bros., which for years has been recognized as one of the leading music houses of the West. In retiring from the firm Mr. Bollman disposed of his interest to Mr. Edward Beckman, who represents a large Eastern piano manufacturing firm. Mr. Otto Bollman is succeeded as President of the firm by his brother, Mr. Oscar H. Bollman, Mr. E. J. Piper was chosen secretary and manager. The prosperous business which these two brothers built up in St. Louis and the West was, in a great measure, due to the sterling business qualities inherited from their father, who founded the store in 1866. They established a reputation for fair dealing, and acquired an enviable record for the completeness of their stock. The retirement of Otto Bollman was the occasion for a reception and presentation tendered him Wednesday night a week ago, at the store, No. 1120 and 1122 Olive street, by the employees of the firm. Nearly 100 persons were present. Mr. Oscar Bollman, in a neat speech, presented his brother with a magnificent watch, chain and Masonic charm, the gift of the employees. The recipient responded in happy vein, regretting that ill-health compelled him to sever the pleasant business relations he had so long enjoyed. He announced that he intended soon to take a trip to Europe.



Employer—"And now that we are engaged to be married, I suppose I shall have to hire a new typewriter." Typewriter—"Not at all, dear. I shall attend to the hiring of your typewriters after this."—*Ex.*

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Klaw & Erlanger
present the

ROGERS BROS.
In London
Reg. Mat. Saturday

NEXT MONDAY

Reserved Seats Thurs
Charles Frohman
will present

Maude Adams
in Mrs. Frances Hodgson
Burnett's Play
"THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE"

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

Louis James

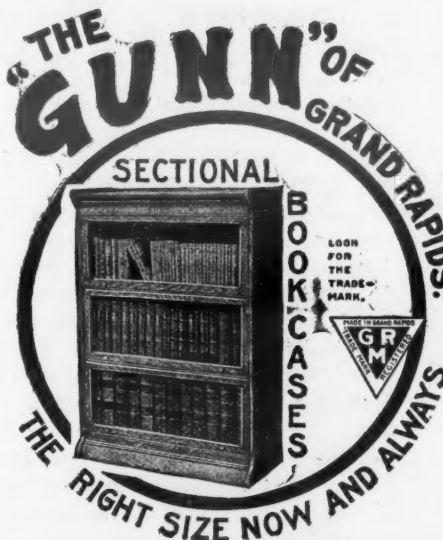
and

Frederick Warde
Thurs. night, "Othello"
Fri. night and Sat. Mat.
"Alexander the Great"
Sat. night, "Macbeth"

Next Sunday Night,

Reserved Seats Thurs

The Bostonians
Sun., Wed., Fri. & Sat.
nights and Sat. Mat.
THE SERENADE
Mon. Tues. and Thurs.
nights & Wed. Mat.
ROBIN HOOD



Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.
BROADWAY AND LOCUST



Biliousness

And Sick Headache are common among housewives and school girls, because of their lack of outdoor exercise. Persons whose duties or habits keep them indoors should keep the liver active, stomach strong, and bowels healthy by the occasional use of

Heptol Split

The pure, sparkling and palatable laxative water, which does the work of calomel and patent pills in a simple, harmless and effective manner; a carbonated preparation of Heptol, the great stomach, liver and bowel remedy.

15c AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORES, BARS, SODA FOUNTAINS & GROCERY STORES. 15c

THE MORRISON COMPANY,
NEW YORK. ST. LOUIS. WACO

Imperial

Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees Daily, 25c. Get the Habit.

Next Sunday Matinee, April 10th and week.

Ernest Lamson's Pastoral Play

"YOUNG TOBE HOXIE"

Next—"DESERTED AT THE ALTAR"

GRAND

Night Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Al. H. Wilson in A Prince of Tatters

Next Sunday Mat. and Night (only) Hello Bill.

Week commencing Monday April 11th, JAMES K. HACKETT in the "Crown Prince"

LIBRARY and DEN REQUISITES

OFFICE OUTFITS

Typewriter Chair, Rotary	\$3.00
Standing Desk, 4 feet	\$12.50
Couch, Super Springs, Leather	\$20.00
Bookcase, Oak, Glass Doors	\$11.00
Arm Rotary and Tilt Office Chair	\$5.25
Office Table, 4 foot	\$6.50
Typewriter Desk, Oak	\$17.50

EVERYTHING IN FURNITURE

GERMAN THEATER "ODEON"

Heinemann & Welb - - - - - Managers
TO-NIGHT, Benefit of Auguste Burmester.
That Excellent Comedy

"PENSION SCHOELLER"

Josephine Krueger.....Auguste Burmester

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 10,

with a new cast and handsome stage mountings

"COMTESSE HELENE"

Farce Comedy. New Musical Numbers.

PARSIFAL

10 Soloists—60 Musicians.

WALTER DAMROSCH

New York Symphony Orchestra.

ODEON

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 10.

Parsifal Librettos at Bollman's.

Tickets, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, now selling at Bollman's.

Arnold Shanklin, Local Manager.

EVERETT PIANO USED.

STANDARD

The Home of Folly. THIS WEEK, Two Frolics Daily. NEXT WEEK,

Trans-The

Atlantic Bon-Ton

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

Burlesquers Burlesquers

AN EASTERNER WRITES OF M. A. C.

St. Louis, April 3, 1904.

Dear Old Pal Jack: I have only been in St. Louis a few weeks, but you would think, if you saw me with the St. Louis boys—and they are the real articles, let me tell you—you'd think I was to the manner born as it were. I never dreamt there were such nice, clever, refined fellows out West; in fact, the effete East ought to get acquainted with these Western princes and learn how to enjoy life. You and I, Jack, had many a good time in our school days. At Yale we went in for athletics, and joined the "frats" wherever we could, and thought we were having an immense time. When we were graduated and joined the New York Athletic Club, I confess, the pleasant round of fun we had in old New York made my chest swell with pleasant emotions, but I never had such genuine good times as I have experienced since I took up my abode here. I tell you, Jack, you'll have to buy some chips in this game. You'll be surprised when you set in. In the first place, you'll find St. Louis is right now the first place on the earth. The biggest show the world has ever seen will open here in a comparatively few days, and you should get in the swim.

You may think as I did, that when you leave Gotham and the New York Athletic Club to start West, that you are going into the wilderness, but you are away off. You should come out here and meet the St. Louis boys, and, by the way, you'll find among them any number of our old classmates and athletic rivals. This city has one of the finest athletic clubs in the country, and I lost no time in becoming a member. It reminds me for all the world of the New York A. C. It is known as the Missouri Athletic Club, and it has a membership of nearly 5,000,—the best young men of the city. It is installed in one of the finest athletic homes in the country considering the age of the organization. The building it occupies is seven stories high, modern and fire proof, and situated right in the heart of the city, Fourth and Washington avenue. Its furnishing is as complete and on as magnificent a scale as any club I have ever seen. It cost fully \$300,000 to fit up the building, and what it does not contain for the pleasure and comfort of its members isn't worth putting in. It has a magnificent rotunda, with screened sitting rooms on the ground floor, and a buffet, stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars that will compare favorably with the best in the land. There are baths in plenty, and of all descriptions, and a swimming pool with its own artesian water which I know you would love to take a dip in.

On the upper floors, which you reach by elevators, are public and private dining rooms, furnished most artistically; billiard rooms, with more than a score of tables; bowling alleys (a novelty on an airy upper floor), of the latest improved construction; a running track; and a gymnasium proper, which extends the full length of the building, more than 200 feet. Here may be seen daily, at certain hours, the most prominent men in the city, receiving instructions from the

club's experts in boxing, Indian clubs, parallel bars, weights and all the various means of training and weight reduction.

If you don't care to box, run or use the bars or weights, there are a series of the most perfectly constructed handball courts in the country, one of which you may try. By the way, handball is in great favor out here, and its devotees are all experts in the game. A feature of the club which no one can fail to admire, are the apartments for members, resident or non-resident, which may be had even now that the World's Fair is approaching, for a mere trifle of \$2.50 or a \$1.50 per day. These apartments are simply swell. They are just like some we have seen in New York, Chicago, or the Schuylkill Athletic Club. If anything, they may be sweller. They are richly furnished, and the color scheme in each is really a treat for an artist's eye. Then close by these apartments is a reading or lounging room, cozy corners and nooks, with rich, inviting couches, all tending to drive dull care away. Here you may pass away many an idle hour reading or writing, playing parlor games, or you may hie yourself to a snug nook in a nearby passage and take a quiet nap.

Nothing that pertains to the comfort of a man is overlooked. The kitchen of this club, as of all, is one of its most important adjuncts, and you should see it in full blast. It occupies fully 100 square feet, and its floors and work benches are of a whiteness that bespeak a master chef in charge. Everything is in order. All refrigerators are fitted with cold storage pipes, and all are as clean as a parlor floor. The club's cuisine is one of those things, Jack, the memory of which a fellow wants to cling to. It is superior to any hotel in the city. It is reinforced by excellent pastry creations of the club's chef, that in itself is well worth the "price of admission."

My advice to all the boys coming to St. Louis is to join the club as non-residents. Their initiation fee is only \$25, and the yearly dues \$12. Think of the reasonableness of these rates! Why resident members only have to pay \$30 a year dues, and if they are at all active, can wear out that much paraphernalia in six months.

The beauty about this club is that it is not operated by a set of individuals looking for profits, but is owned by the members, and is conducted along the most approved and business-like lines. Not long ago, Mr. Russell Gardner, whom you remember we met down East several times, was elected president. I think next to the Mayor of the city he is the most popular man in St. Louis. Everybody knows him. He is certainly doing wonders for the club. Fully a thousand members have come in since he became president, and if they continue to join as they have been in the last two weeks, the membership will soon reach the 6,000 mark.

I believe that now that I have told you all about the Missouri Athletic Club you will readily see that St. Louis is up to the standard of the other metropolitan cities, and I hope that you and the other boys will come on at once and join with me. We can have a great time at the M. A. C., and it won't cost much. So long for the present. REGGY.

"KRYPTOK"

The New Invisible Bifocal Lenses.

The greatest advance in the science of optics that has been achieved in a century. Of extraordinary interest to all who require different glasses for distance than for reading.



NOT LIKE THIS

The clumsy appearance and many objectionable features of the old style bifocal shown above have been done away with in the "Kryptok"—the new invisible Bifocal Lenses.

JUST LIKE THIS

A near and far lens—in a single frame—without cracks or lines. To the outsider they look like the ordinary single focus eyeglass. To the wearer, they are the most perfect Bifocals ever produced.

"Kryptok" Lenses are made exclusively by Aloe's in the State of Missouri, and cannot be obtained anywhere else. Ask to see them or send for descriptive circular.

ALOE'S Optical Authorities
OF AMERICA.

513 OLIVE STREET.

KODAKS—ENGINEERING INSTRUMENTS—ARTISTS MATERIALS.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Once there was a young man who was madly in love with a beautiful girl. After he had called on her a few times her father went to the young man, saying:

"I should like to have a few minutes' private conversation with you on a little matter of business."

The young man's heart began to beat violently, and his face turned very red.

"I assure you, Mr. Miggleham," he said, "that my intentions are strictly honorable, and that—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting," said the girl's father, "but before we proceed any farther I should like to ask you a few questions. What are your resources? Do you own any property? Have you any money in the bank? Have you any paying investments?"

"Oh," replied the young man, becoming enthusiastic. "I think I can reassure you on those points very quickly. In the first place, I inherited \$20,000 from my grandmother. This is invested in gilt-edged stock which is paying annual dividends of 14 per cent. I have for several years held a lucrative position, and I've been careful in using my money. I have invested \$12,000 in a house and lot, which I rent for \$175 a month, and I have money scattered around in various banks. If it became necessary, I could raise \$50,000 in cash to-morrow, and I have no reason to doubt that I shall continue to advance here, so that—"

"Very well," the old man replied. "Much obliged. I've just been appointed a member of the board of equalization, and I notice that you are down on the list for \$425 worth of personal property,

while your \$12,000 house is listed as being worth \$950. Good morning."

When the young man revived an hour later, it was found that his reason was gone, perhaps forever.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



A \$5,000 cigar for ten cents may mean \$5,000 in gold for you. Ask your dealer.



Applicant (for position as cook)—"How many afternoons out durin' the wake, mum?" Mrs. Highmore—"Well, of course, you can have every Thursday, and—" Applicant—"I'm askin' ye, mim, how many afternoons out ye want yersilf."—*Chicago Tribune.*



Established 1852.

Glassware

that is not at its best
is sadly out of place
at a wedding. See
to it that the pieces
you buy have the
trade-mark of

Dorflinger

Glassware

One of the most prominent of this press agent's clients is as secure in her social position as is Mrs. Astor. Her husband is the head of one of the greatest transportation systems of the country. Her name is printed so often in the society columns of the newspapers that one has cause to wonder at her wanting to see it more frequently. Page stories have been printed about her dozens of times, and her homes and her entertainments are described with profuse detail. But this does not satisfy her. Such fame is not the thing. The particular vanity that leads her to pay \$50 a month for its gratification, in addition to her costly entertainments, is a desire to be considered as occupying in

Several years ago a woman who held a good position in the best society in New York fell from her high place through a scandal. She lived quietly under its cloud for a little while, and then began to make a fight to regain her old rank. She commenced in a particularly clever way. Abjuring the frivolities of the mere society worldlings, putting all such things behind her, she began to appear as a patron of the practical arts and an "uplifter" of the class of girls who wished for higher things than the work of a store or shop. She employs a press agent through the winter months to keep her name before the public as a "force" behind movements that tend to social betterment. The skill with which she manages to create this impression is only second to that of the press agent. She has

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged The Civic Improvement League will, a number of the greatest European beer makers, through their Play- that were brought to this country by the League's Committee on Play- for his yearling, Fore Park, and the League's Committee on Play- lands, by one of these. These Play- has, nevertheless, one of the best pos- The League's Committee on Play- High in this year, a sample of the hot summer season and rare excellence of programme to be in keep them off the streets. The direct re-

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged The Civic Improvement League will, a number of the greatest European beer makers, through their Play- that were brought to this country by the War Relocation Authority's Com- munity Committee, to make a series of play- for his young men in Forest Park, Atlanta, Ga. In addition, the lands, they are one of the best of these play- has, nevertheless, one of the best pos- The M... the hot sun... children are excellence of programme to be in... the direct re-



The Slowest Laundry.

The Slowest Laundry.

By making our employes take plenty of time with their work, thereby improving it, we have more than doubled our output the second year. We want no hurry up World's Fair business at all. We intend to take care of our regular customers and their visitors only. We deal directly with our patrons and pay no commission to solicitors, hotels, clubs or agents. We pay more for our work than any other Laundry and if it is not "BETTER" than other Laundries do we can not expect to hold the business.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry

CORPORATION.

DINKS L. PARRISH, Pres.
J. ARTHUR ANDERSON, Vice Pres. and General Manager.

3126-3128 OLIVE STREET.

"Lest we forget," we use **CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER.**

NOT IN A TRUST.

never regained her old place in society, but she has certainly established a reputation, of a sort, as a worker for good.

Another woman who has an active press agent is well known at all the horse shows as an exhibitor of prize winners. Persons who know the woman well wonder how long she can keep up the pace she has set, for her fortune is not a large one, but meanwhile her press agent keeps getting her name in the papers.

The wife of one of the best known men-about-town pays a press agent a good monthly fee through the regular society season to do two things. To keep her name out of the papers in connection with certain social sets that she does not wish to appear to be a member of, and to get her name associated with circles in which she is anxious to shine as a leading member.

Another woman who is really prominent in one of the big woman's patriotic societies, who is noted for her regal manner of dressing and for her dramatic entries when presiding at meetings, pays a press agent to foster the impression that she is the bright particular IT of her pet society. Just why she should pay to have this reputation made known is not at all clear, for she is so thoroughly identified with this society that none of its internal disturbances ever shake her from her throne.

Wives and daughters of Western millionaires are particularly good patrons of the society press agents, for New York society is the Mecca of their Eastern pilgrimage.—*New York Press.*

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street is still under the baneful influence of the Northern Securities *impasse*, and that to a very perceptible extent. In the last few days, the gyrations in Union Pacific overshadowed practically everything else in the way of news and market factors. The suit filed by the Harriman people is a somewhat mystifying move, inasmuch as in not a few speculative quarters it is alleged that the proceedings are entirely amicable. However, Harriman's action does not convey the impression that everything is exactly lovely in the Northwestern railroad situation. Contrary to all expectations, the contending factions cannot agree on the terms of bringing system into the prevailing chaos. The courts will have to decide.

Owing to the violent fluctuations in Union Pacific common, the whole market has a ragged and treacherous appearance. Traders are more than ever on the *qui vive*, and wondering "what's going to happen next." Everything suggestive of another railroad struggle necessarily has a very intimidating effect. The echoes of the awful consequence of that fierce contest for the control of the Northern Pacific, three years ago, have not as yet died away altogether. Wall street still has a very painfully vivid remembrance of the cataclysmal events which then occurred. Still, there is but small possibility of a precipitation of panicky conditions at this time. Things have changed thoroughly. It must not be forgotten that each party in the Northwestern fight knows what it holds or is entitled to. There is little uncertainty, and this is a good thing. Of course, no one can foretell what may yet develop in Union Pacific or St. Paul. It's just a toss-up.

Interesting, spicy revelations are making in Boston, where our old and distinguished friend, Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, has latterly been airing his knowledge of the past history of the Amalgamated Copper Company. This arch-speculator and whilom pliant tool of the Standard Oil clique of market marauders, when testifying on the witness stand in behalf of certain parties, boldly admitted that he, in conjunction with H. H. Rogers and other individuals notorious in the extraordinary "deal" of 1898, made a clean profit of about \$70,000,000. At the same time he intimated that at the proper moment, he could and would make still more sensational disclosures bearing upon that tumultuous period of precipitous speculation. The Boston copper manipulator must be exceedingly wroth at his former "pals." He must have dropped some of the many

millions garnered in when the prodigious copper trust was in process of formation.

The more one ponders the past record of the Amalgamated Copper Company, the more one must be astonished at the naive credulity, the unreasoning simplicity in which thousands of people risked their money in its shares. If all the inside history were known, perhaps some of the original promoters would find it difficult to keep out of the dragnet of the criminal laws. Just think of the tremendously inflated prices the stock was selling at within a year after its flotation. When it went like hot cakes at 130, there were any number of people who had unquestioning mountain-moving faith in the multifarious predictions then making the rounds that the stock would not be dear at 200. The unscrupulous insiders, gamblers and manipulators acted in much the same manner as they did in Brooklyn Rapid Transit. It will be remembered that both these stocks were, for some time, practically controlled by the self-same "gang," and, what is especially significant, rose to almost the identical high level.

In the course of time, Wall street will be entertained by the washing of plenty of soiled linen. There is lots of this kind of work waiting to be done in a good number of cases. Some of the concerns organized in the last four or five years were or are chiefly private schemes, headed by men "out for the stuff," who do not care a doit what the pedantic moralizer might say in regard to their nefarious activity. At the present time, these concerns are desperately endeavoring to set up as respectable enterprises, meriting the confidence of investors, and far removed from previous pernicious stock market influences. This moral fit will not endure very long, however. After a while, when the speculative craze to buy shall once more have taken possession of the populace, we will be treated to the same old spectacle and the same old tricks, though perhaps in a slightly different form. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la mène chose.*

The weekly statements of the New York Associated Banks have been provocative of considerable guessing and conjecturing of late. Loans and deposits continue to rise. Both items are now breaking all previous records. But for a fairly comfortable amount of surplus reserves, the prevailing position would surely make for a fidgety and perturbed stock market. This continual expansion in loans is a curious phenomenon of modern American finance. Notwithstanding all the voluntary and forced

liquidation that has been in progress since 1902, national bank loans have not been reduced. At the present time, they are considerably in excess of the 1902 level. Now, this may be a symptom of marvelous financial and commercial strength. Some critics, who always drew their inspiration from New York brokers' offices, would fain have us believe that the simultaneous swelling of deposits and loans means another splendid boom in the not remote future. Let's hope they are telling us the "straight" thing this time. There is a multitude of our fellow-citizens, now sitting by the rivers of Babylon and remembering and bemoaning the golden times of the past, who would brighten up as if by magic if a humming bull market were again to set Wall street a-roar before the Ides of November. These patient souls have lots of stock to sell, but not at current figures. So let's sympathize with them, and hope for their speedy deliverance.

Sterling exchange is stiff and steady. Gold exports appear inevitable. This time of the year is always marked by

shipments abroad. At the same time, the fact is worth mentioning that our exports are anything but gratifying, when compared with what they were a year or two ago. For the month of March, the decrease in exports of agricultural as well as manufacturing products was quite marked. Imports, on the other hand, showed a decided gain. In consequence of these changes, the month's excess of exports over imports was the smallest for ever so long a time. We are now reaping what cotton, wheat and corn manipulators have been sowing. Foreigners are cutting down their demands on account of our inflated commodity prices. They are filling their

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

Capital and Surplus

\$10,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

LINCOLN
TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

3% on Savings Accounts.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND & STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Pres. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

HASKINS & SELLS
Certified Public Accountants.NO. 30 BROAD STREET. NEW YORK
30 COLEMAN STREET. LONDON, E. C.

CABLE ADDRESS "HASKSELLS"

CHICAGO. CLEVELAND. ST. LOUIS.
PITTSBURG.

LINCOLN TRUST BUILDING.

TELEPHONES: { BELL, MAIN 2815.
{ KINLOCH, B. 1935.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STS.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$8,300,000.

3% Interest Allowed on Savings Accounts.

3% Interest Allowed on Time Certificates of Deposit.

2% Interest Allowed on Checking Accounts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN MONDAY EVENINGS TILL 7:30.

JOHN WAHL, President.

WM. KOENIG, Vice-President.

RICHARD HOSPES, Cashier.

H. HUNICKE, Asst. Cashier.

GERMAN SAVINGS INSTITUTION

ORGANIZED 1853.

SOUTHWEST CORNER FOURTH AND PINE STREETS

WITHOUT CHANGE OF NAME OR STYLE THE OLDEST BANKING INSTITUTION IN MISSOURI.

Issues letters of credit available throughout the civilized world.
Pays interest on time deposits at 3 per cent per annum.
Pays interest on current accounts at 2 per cent per annum.

This institution solicits the accounts of corporations, firms and individuals, and guarantees best of care and attention to any business intrusted to it.

CAPITAL, \$500,000.00

SURPLUS, \$1,000,000.

Undivided Profits, \$252,530.74.

A FIFTY YEARS' RECORD OF EXPANSION:

1853.....\$ 13,903.57
1873.....2,285,827.44

1893.....\$4,534,071.66
1904.....9,603,330.15

Assets, March 31st, 1904

Loans and Discounts\$6,532,567 51
Real Estate 88,588 58
St. Louis City and other bonds 958,930 00
Cash and Sight Exchange 2,023,244 06
Total\$9,603,330 15

Liabilities, March 31st, 1904

Capital Stock\$ 500,000 00
Surplus 1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits 252,530 74
Dividend No. 43 20,000 00
Reserve for Interest and Taxes 30,000 00
Deposits 7,800,799 41
Total\$9,603,330 15

DIRECTORS:

WM. J. LEMP.
RICHARD HOSPES.WM. KOENIG.
CHAS. A. STOCKSTROM.

LOUIS FUSZ.

WM. C. UHRL.
OTTO F. MEISTER.N. W. McLEOD.
JOHN WAHL.

wants elsewhere, at terms more attractive and more reasonable.

Iron and steel exports are as disappointing as are those of wheat and corn. The efforts of the United States Steel Corporation to enlarge its market abroad meet with meager success. And this in spite of reductions in railroad rates. It would seem that there will be no perceptible gain in this branch of our export trade until the industrial situation in Europe has undergone a marked change for the better.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

M. M., Lamar, Mo.—Consider Cotton Belt consolidated 4s a fair investment. Property ably and conservatively managed. Vast improvements have been made. Preferred stock doesn't look high, compared with other issues of its class.

R. E. W., Jacksonville, Ill.—Would recommend holding Missouri Trust for the present. Not much of a further decline likely. Stock should improve in value after a while.

A. A. G.—Rock Island common appears to be pegged around present level. Liquidation has been pretty thorough. Still wouldn't be in haste to buy so much of it. Take your time about it,

and buy no more than you can conveniently carry. No runaway bull market in sight as yet.

L. O., Denison, Tex.—Better hang on to your Southern Pacific. Stock acts discouragingly. Still, the fact remains that it is close to its real value. Bear in mind that in times of doubt and suspicion and dullness it is quite often the case that a stock is carried below its intrinsic value. Would add to holdings on all breaks.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There's again mighty little to chronicle about the St. Louis market. The past week was characterized by stubborn apathy on the part of buyers, with sellers indisposed to grant much of a concession on their holdings. The spring boom is exasperatingly slow in materializing. It is a fair thing that exists only in the pensive minds of "overloaded" holders and worrying brokers. How queer it is that in spite of all bundles of "long green" in this burg, the speculative and investment market continues so dismally lethargic and unable to lift itself out of its rut!

St. Louis Transit has slid down some. It sold at 11 a few days ago. At this writing, 11½ is bid for it. The stock

does not show much stamina. At times, it looks emphatically "sick." Still, one cannot tell what the game is. United Railways preferred dropped out of sight latterly. It is offering, nominally, at 54½, with 54 bid. Street railways issues are not much in fashion in this glorious spring-time.

United Railways 4s are going at 80½. Laclede Gas 5s sold at 106¾ last week. St. Louis Brewing 6s are offering at 94½, Missouri-Edison 5s at 98¾.

Granite-Bimetallic is quoted at 36½ bid, 38¾ asked. Hope Mining sold at 23¾ a few days ago. For Central Coal & Coke common 60¾ is bid, for the preferred 70.

Prices changed very little in the bank group. Commerce is quoted at 285 bid, 290 asked. For Mechanics 262 is bid, for Third National 279, with 290 asked. The latter stock has been rather weak of late. State National is offering at 165, American Central at 152. For Mercantile 314 is bid, for Missouri Trust 112½, for St. Louis Union 309. Bank and trust company shares have been in woefully small demand for some time. Some of them should soon be worth picking up.

Money is in good demand, with interest rates at 5 and 6 per cent for time and

call loans. Sterling is strong and higher, the last quotation being \$4.88. For New York drafts a premium of 45 is bid, and a premium of 60 asked.



JEWELLED PARASOL HANDLES

Much attention is to be paid this year to parasol handles, and it is an increasing fashion to give exquisite jeweled "tops" to fashionable brides, many of whom receive as many as thirty-five of these expensive trifles, some of them worth from £20 to £25 apiece.

In the collection of Lady Kerry, who was married the other day, one umbrella was topped with a huge rhinestone, on which was a design of wreaths traced out in fine rubies, with studs of emeralds set at intervals.

Agate, pink crystals and the lucky stone jade are favorite stones for the making of these dainty handles, while fine wrought gold shaped as an animal's head, and afterward enamelled in colors, are much in demand. Diamond markings on Russian enamels and the designs of the Empire period are also in high favor.



A small fortune—\$5,000—a fine smoke. All for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

The World's Fair

Will Open April 30th

THE GREAT

WORLD'S FAIR NUMBER

* OF *

The Mirror

Will be Issued May 5th.

From a literary and artistic standpoint, this number will be one of the finest ever published in the United States.

All space on the three-color section has been disposed of, and nearly all the two-color pages have been contracted for.

The advertising space in this number will be limited, and if you want space, apply quickly.

There will be no increase in rates, notwithstanding the fact that the circulation will be the largest in the history of the paper.

For further particulars, rates, etc., address

J. J. SULLIVAN,

Business Manager, THE MIRROR.

THE MOSHER BOOKS SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT MDCCCIV

I. HOMEWARD: SONGS BY THE WAY. By A. E.

450 copies on Van Gelder hand-made paper, old style boards.
Price \$1.50 Net.

II. THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL. By OSCAR WILDE.

950 copies on Van Gelder hand-made paper, old style boards.
Price 50 cents Net.

III. VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE. AN ESSAY. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

OTHER ISSUES IN THE VEST POCKET SERIES.

- I. FITZGERALD'S RUBAIYAT.
- II. SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.
- III. SWINBURNE'S LAUS VENERIS.
- IV. AES TRIPLEX AND OTHER ESSAYS.
- V. NATURE THOUGHTS BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.
- VI. AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE, TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

The series is bound in the following styles:

Blue Paper Wrapper	\$.25 Net
Limp Cloth	.40 Net
Flexible Leather, Gilt Top	.75 Net
Japan Vellum Edition	1.00 Net

This new edition of *Homeward: Songs by the way* is based upon the belief that Mr. Russell has at last come in a measurable degree to his own. It is a fact that a very large proportion of his choicest lyrics are enshrined in this earliest volume.

It is now put forth in 10-point old-style Roman type with original symbolic device in red on title-page, repeated after colophon, and in such beautifully proportioned small quarto format cannot fail of attracting all who are interested in the finer lyrical results of the Celtic revival.

Of the same sombre genre as *The City of Dreadful Night*, by another unhappy man of genius, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* stands for all time as the latest and greatest of Wilde's imaginary work.

In *The Lyric Garland Series* this poem receives a dignified typographical treatment which its sinister beauty demands.

Issued uniform with our other volumes in the Vest Pocket Series, Stevenson's charming discourse on love, marriage, and the conduct of life, will unquestionably appeal to his admirers the world over. It is a book peculiarly adapted to reading, whatever one's mood or wherever one happens to be—whether at home or on vacation—in health or the search for it!

ALL BOOKS SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF NET PRICE

THOMAS B. MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE

A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF THE MOSHER BOOKS SENT FREE TO ALL WHO MENTION THE MIRROR.

EXCLUSIVE SELLING AGENTS FOR ST. LOUIS ARE
STIX, BAER & FULLER

"A great deal in a little space."—The Press.

"THE FOUR-TRACK SERIES"

This is the title of a series of books of travel and education issued by the Passenger Department of the

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD

These small books are filled with information regarding the best modes of travel and the education that can best be obtained by travel.

They relate specifically to the great resorts of America—to trips to the islands of the sea and around the world.

They also contain numerous illustrations and new and accurate maps of the country described.

"A copy of the 52-page Illustrated Catalogue of the 'Four-Track Series' will be sent free upon receipt of two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

"What do you think of my historic novel?" "It resembles some of the most successful works of its kind," answered Miss Cayenne. "In what respect?" "In being neither novel nor historic."—*Washington Star*.



BIG FOUR and CHESAPEAKE & OHIO R'y

Fast Trains to
WASHINGTON,
BALTIMORE,
PHILADELPHIA,
ATLANTIC CITY,
NEW YORK CITY.

Ticket Office:
Broadway and Chestnut Street.

COSMOS

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

The best work yet produced by this author. Photograph and autograph in each book. Price \$1.25, prepaid to any address. Send money by post-office order to

Ernest McGaffey, Chicago, Ill.



TICKET OFFICES
OLIVE AND SIXTH
AND
UNION STATION.

VESTIBULED TRAINS LEAVE ST. LOUIS DAILY
9.30 A. M. 9.08 P. M. 2.05 A. M.
DINING CARS A LA CARTE

F. D. Gildersleeve, Asst Gen'l Pass. Agt. ST. LOUIS, MO. H. C. Stevenson, City Pass. Agent.

California

WITH EYES WIDE OPEN

That's the way to travel, if you would profit by it ... On the Santa Fe, going to California, are peaks miles high, and canyons a mile deep; rainbow-colored petrified forests, ages old; nomadic Navajos and home-loving Pueblo Indians; painted deserts and oases of tropical verdure ... Seen on no other line. . . .

The California Limited runs through this southwest land of enchantment daily, between Chicago, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Visit Grand Canyon of Arizona en route. . . .

Our illustrated booklets, mailed free, will help you rightly plan a California tour. Address General Passenger Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago. . . .

Santa Fe



THE FOR LIQUOR DRINKING, MORPHINE THE
Keeley Cure All Narcotic Drug Using, Neurasthenia, Tobacco and Cigarette Addictions DR. J. E. BLAINE, Physician and Manager 2801-3-5 LOCUST ST., ST. LOUIS. Bell Phone, Beaumont 450
HOME TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO AND NEURASTHENIA

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TEN CENTS

A Golden Opportunity—Within the Reach of Every Resident and Visitor of St. Louis.

There has been deposited in the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, which amount will be given away next October 12th.

This small fortune will be directly within the grasp of every man in and around St. Louis who smokes, and indirectly every man, woman and child in the city.

It is but natural and fair to assume that this magnificent sum will not be given away simply for philanthropic reasons, but the conditions and requirements governing its disposal are so easy that it practically amounts to a gift.

The World's Fair Management has set aside October 11th next as Missouri Day, upon which date it is expected the people of the grand old State will turn out en masse to do honor to the World's greatest exposition.

To estimate the number of paid admissions to the Exposition on this day will require considerable skill, yet will afford no little interest, inasmuch as the sum of Five Thousand Dollars will be paid to the person making the correct or nearest correct estimate. Should there be more than one correct or nearest correct estimate, this sum will be equally divided between the persons making such estimates.

The conditions governing this contest of skill are essentially as follows:—

The Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis, are placing on the market a new brand of 10-cent cigars, known as the "\$5,000-Cigar for Ten Cents," a piece of goods of highest quality, and the equal of any and superior of many cigars now retailing for ten cents.

With each and every purchase of a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, an official estimate card will be given by your dealer, on which card estimates must be made. Full instructions as to the manner of making estimates will be printed upon these official cards. You have only to buy one of these cigars, make your estimate, and enjoy your smoke. Every time you smoke a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents you tighten your grip on Five Thousand Dollars.

It must be apparent to any intelligent mind that the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents will be of superior quality, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to the smoker, or its sale would be limited to the first trial.

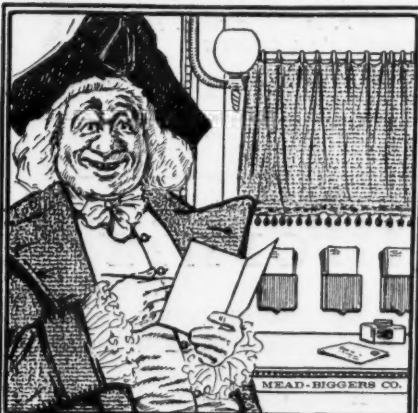
The contest is a method of introducing and advertising this brand of cigars, adopted by The Million Cigar Co., and the aim of the Company, as its name implies, is to sell One Million \$5,000 Cigars for Ten Cents between now and October 11th next. Therefore the cigar must be good, else how could we do it?

As above stated the sum of Five Thousand Dollars is now on deposit, with the distinct stipulation that the amount can be drawn only by the person earning it according to the rules of the contest, by order of the Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis.

The next time you buy a cigar ask for the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, and an estimate card will be given you, free of charge. Anyone wishing to make an estimate without purchasing a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents may do so by paying 15c for an official estimate card.

It may be a few days before your dealer will have these cigars in stock, but an effort will be made to place them as rapidly as possible.

THE MILLION CIGAR COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.



BIG FOUR

ERIE R. R. and
PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
Will Operate Fast Through Trains to
PITTSBURGH,
BUFFALO,
LAKE CHAUTAUQUA,
NEW YORK CITY,
Commencing May 1st, 1904.

Ticket Office
Broadway and Chestnut Street

HERBERT C. CHIVERS
ARCHITECT
HIGH-CLASS WORK
319-323 321 WAINWRIGHT BUILDING
KIMLOCK & CO. BELL MAIN 1004 M.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry.
CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,
204 N. FOURTH STREET.

Chic.-K. C. & S. W. Limited



C. M. & St. Paul

..TO.. Eastern Cities

LOWEST RATES
BEST SERVICE.

COVER
LEAF
ROUTE

INFORMATION CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

ED. KEANE,
Ass't. Gen'l. Passenger Agent,
104 North Fourth, ST. LOUIS

NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS.

Sir Mortimer, Mary Johnston, \$1.20; Breaking Into Society, Geo. Ade, 85c; The Deliverance, Glasgow, \$1.20; Wm. G. Eliot, C. E. Eliot, \$2; The Yoke, Miller, \$1.20; Mrs. M'Leerie, Bell, 85c; Her Infinite Variety, Whitlock, \$1.20; The Conspirators, Chambers, \$1.20; The Modern Bank, Fiske, \$1.50; The Jewel of Seven Stars, Stoker, \$1.20. Also a complete assortment of fine leather goods, stationery, gold and fountain pens, etc., at

JETT'S BOOK STORE,
806 Olive street.

The Grand

Wm. Schaefer,
Proprietor.

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,
**Finest Bar and Billiard
Hall in the West**
STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS
IN EVERY RESPECT.

TRAVEL

HOW - WHEN - WHERE



A magazine devoted to travel fiction and kindred subjects—beautifully illustrated. Published every month and sold to lovers of good literature — for one dollar a year or ten cents a copy—on all trains and news stands. Three months trial, 25c. **Travel Publishing Co. St. Louis.**
"How is Travel increasing its Circulation 5,000 a Month?"
"Buy a Copy and Look Inside."

CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10. It will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Type-writing Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

I. & G. N.

TO

ST. LOUIS

1904

The "True St. Louis
World's Fair Line."

MILES
INUTES
ONEY

Saved via the I. & G. N.

100 to 200 Miles

Shortest

WORLD'S FAIR

4 to 8 Hours

Quickest

From Texas

Watch for our announcement
extraordinary.

D. J. PRICE,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

L. PRICE,
2d Vice-Pres. and Gen'l Mngr.

"The Texas Road."

Palestine, Texas.

CARMODY'S,
213 N. Eighth St.
FINEST LIQUORS
THAT'S ALL.



California

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE



CALIFORNIA IN JANUARY

FORMING WITH THE TEXAS & PACIFIC RAILWAY AND CONNECTION THE

TRUE SOUTHERN ROUTE

DAILY THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS DAILY IN MARCH AND APRIL
DINING CAR SERVICE

G. B. GAUSSEN, P. & T. Agent
ST. LOUIS

H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. & T. A. ST. LOUIS



ANY WAY YOU READ IT,
IT SPELLS ALTON,
AND ALTON SPELLS:

A GOOD RAILWAY.
LUXURIOUS TRAINS.
TRACK OF STEEL.
ONLY WAY."
NO DUST.

WABASH

VIA THE

WABASH

C.S. CRANE G.P. & T.A.
ST. LOUIS

THE FOCAL POINT

ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

KANSAS CITY
OMAHA
DES MOINES
CHICAGO
PITTSBURGH

ONLY LINE TO WORLD'S FAIR MAIN ENTRANCE
Illustrated Folder Sent Free on Application

PATTISON'S
NINTH AND LOCUST
BUFFET and BOWLING ALLEYS



Best Passenger Service in
TEXAS



"No Trouble to Answer Questions."
Write for Resort Pamphlet and New
Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

St. Ann's Maternity Hospital,

Tenth and O'Fallon Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This institution is open over fifty years. Those conducting it have vast experience. There are private rooms and wards. Terms moderate. Private room patients can have their own physicians. Arrangements can be made for the care of infants.

For further information apply to

SISTER SUPERIOR.

TELEPHONE: Kinloch D 1595.

BOOKS

All the late Cloth
and Paper Bound
Books can be
found at . . .

ROEDER'S BOOK STORE
816 LOCUST STREET



SOUTH

WEST

"THE KATY FLYER"

Oklahoma, Texas, Indian Territory,
Mexico and California.

"KATY"

The Greatest System
of Transportation in America
is composed of

"Big Four Route"

NEW YORK CENTRAL,
BOSTON & ALBANY,
LAKE SHORE,
PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE,
ERIE R. R.,
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY.

These lines operate
MANY FAMOUS TRAINS
over
SMOOTHEST ROADWAYS
through the
DENSEST POPULATION
and
LARGEST CITIES
in
AMERICA

Connection with all Steamship Lines to and from New
York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Norfolk

TICKET OFFICE
Broadway and Chestnut

W. P. DEPPE,
CHIEF ASST. GEN'L. PASS. AGENT.



Physicians Recognize

the remarkable tonic and construct-
ive qualities of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

It is endorsed and prescribed by the
best doctors. The ideal food-drink,
invigorating, sustaining, NOT in-
toxicating. It contains 14.60% genuine
nutritive extract and less than 2% of
alcohol.

Sold by druggists. Prepared by

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.